





Wm. Gillen
March 1868

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing
but the thread that binds them is mine own. — MONTAIGNE.

FOURTEENTH THOUSAND.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS:

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE
TO THEIR SOURCE

Passages and Phrases in Common Use;

CHIEFLY FROM ENGLISH AUTHORS.

By JOHN BARTLETT.

FOURTH REVISED EDITION.



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CAMBRIDGE:
PRESSWORK BY JOHN WILSON AND SON.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE object of this work is to show, to some extent, the obligations our language is under to various authors for numerous phrases and familiar quotations which have become "household words."

This Collection, originally made without any view of publication, has been considerably enlarged by additions from an English work on a similar plan, and is now sent forth with the hope that it may be found a convenient book of reference.

Though perhaps imperfect in some respects, it is believed to possess the merit of accuracy, as the quotations have been taken from the original sources.

Should this be favorably received, endeavors will be made to make it more worthy of the approbation of the public in a future edition.

CAMBRIDGE, May, 1855.



ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE
FOURTH EDITION.

THE favor shown to former editions has encouraged the compiler of this Collection to go on with the work and make it more worthy.

It is not easy to determine in all cases the degree of familiarity that may belong to phrases and sentences which present themselves for admission; for what is familiar to one class of readers may be quite new to another.

Many maxims of the most famous writers of our language, and numberless curious and happy turns from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them. But to admit these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the general reader would readily recognize them as old friends, was aside from the purpose of this Collection.

Still, it has been thought better to incur the risk of erring on the side of fulness.

Owing to the great number of Quotations added in this edition, it has been necessary to make an entire reconstruction of the book.

It is hoped the lovers of this agreeable subsidiary literature may find an increased usefulness in the Collection corresponding with its present enlargement.

Cambridge, December, 1863.

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FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

It is not good that the man should be alone.

Gen. ii. 18.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.
..... For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt
thou return.

Gen. iii. 19.

Am I my brother's keeper?

Gen. iv. 9.

My punishment is greater than I can bear.

Gen. iv. 13.

There were giants in the earth in those days.

Gen. vi. 4.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his
blood be shed.

Gen. ix. 6.

In a good old age.

Gen. xv. 15.

His hand will be against every man, and every
man's hand against him.

Gen. xvi. 12.

Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the
grave.

Gen. xlii. 38.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.

Gen. xlix. 4.

I have been a stranger in a strange land.

Ex. ii. 22.

Unto a land flowing with milk and honey.

Ex. iii. 8.

The wife of thy bosom.

Deut. xiii. 6.

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand,
foot for foot.

Deut. xix. 21.

The secret things belong unto the Lord our
God.

Deut. xxix. 29.

He kept him as the apple of his eye.

Deut. xxxii. 10.

I am going the way of all the earth.

Josh. xxiii. 14.

I arose a mother in Israel.

Judg. v. 7.

She brought forth butter in a lordly dish.

Judg. v. 25

The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.

Judg. xvi. 9.

For whither thou goest, I will go; and where
thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be
my people, and thy God my God.

Ruth i. 16.

A man after his own heart.

1 Sam. xiii. 14

Tell it not in Gath ; publish it not in the streets
of Askelon. *2 Sam. i. 20.*

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in
their lives, and in their death they were not
divided. *2 Sam. i. 23.*

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the
battle ! *2 Sam. i. 25.*

Very pleasant hast thou been unto me : thy
love to me was wonderful, passing the love of
women. *2 Sam. i. 26.*

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man.
2 Sam. xii. 7.

And are as water spilt on the ground, which
cannot be gathered up again. *2 Sam. xiv. 14.*

A proverb and a by-word among all people.
1 Kings ix. 7.

How long halt ye between two opinions ?
1 Kings xviii. 21.

Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the
sea, like a man's hand. *1 Kings xviii. 44.*

A still, small voice. *1 Kings xix. 12.*

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast
himself as he that putteth it off. *1 Kings xx. 11.*

There is death in the pot. *2 Kings iv. 40.*

And the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi : for he driveth furiously.

2 Kings ix. 20.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ;
blessed be the name of the Lord. *Job i. 21.*

There the wicked cease from troubling, and
there the weary be at rest. *Job iii. 17.*

Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly
upward. *Job v. 7.*

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.
Job vii. 6.

He shall return no more to his house, neither
shall his place know him any more.* *Job vii. 10.*

I would not live alway. *Job vii. 16.*

Miserable comforters are ye all. *Job xvi. 2.*

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.
Job xix. 20.

* For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more. — *Psalm ciii. 16.*

Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no more."

Seeing the root of the matter is found in me.

Job xix. 28.

The price of wisdom is above rubies.

Job xxviii. 18.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame

Job xxix. 15.

Oh . . . that mine adversary had written a book.

Job xxxi. 35.

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Job xxxviii. 7.

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further ; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

Job xxxviii. 11.

The sweet influences of Pleiades.

Job xxxviii. 31.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.

Ps. xvi. 6.

Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

Ps. xviii. 10.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

Ps. xxiii. 2.

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Ps. xxiii. 4.

I have been young, and now am old ; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

Ps. xxxvii. 25.

Spreading himself like a green bay-tree.

Ps. xxxvii. 35.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright.

Ps. xxxvii. 37.

While I was musing the fire burned.

Ps. xxxix. 3.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Ps. xlv. 1.

Oh that I had wings like a dove !

Ps. lv. 6

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear ; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.

Ps. lviii. 4, 5

His enemies shall lick the dust.

Ps. lxxii. 9.

Mercy and truth are met together : righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Ps. lxxxv. 10.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

Ps. xc. 9.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Ps. cvii. 27.

He giveth his beloved sleep.

Ps. cxxvii. 2.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

We hanged our harps upon the willows.

Ps. cxxxvii. 2.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand
forget her cunning.

Ps. cxxxvii. 5.

For I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

Ps. cxxxix. 14.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her
paths are peace.

Prov. iii. 17.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways
and be wise.

Prov. vi. 6.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little fold-
ing of the hands to sleep.

Prov. vi. 10 ; xxiv. 33.

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in
secret is pleasant.

Prov. ix. 17.

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

Prov. xi. 14.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his
beast ; but the tender mercies of the wicked
are cruel.

Prov. xii. 10.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Prov. xiii. 12.

Fools make a mock at sin.

Prov. xiv. 9.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness.

Prov. xiv. 10

Righteousness exalteth a nation. *Prov. xiv. 34.*

A soft answer turneth away wrath. *Prov. xv. 1.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than
a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *Prov. xv. 17.*

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty
spirit before a fall. *Prov. xvi. 18.*

The hoary head is a crown of glory.
Prov. xvi. 31.

A wounded spirit who can bear? *Prov. xviii. 14.*

A man that hath friends must show himself
friendly ; and there is a friend that sticketh closer
than a brother. *Prov. xviii. 24.*

Train up a child in the way he should go ; and
when he is old, he will not depart from it.

Prov. xxii. 6.

For riches certainly make themselves wings.

Prov. xxiii. 5.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Prov. xxiii. 7.

Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red ;
when it giveth his color in the cup ; at the
last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an
adder.

Prov. xxiii. 31, 32.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *Prov. xxv. 11.*

For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. *Prov. xxv. 22.*

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. *Prov. xxv. 25.*

There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. *Prov. xxvi. 13.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *Prov. xxvii. 1.*

Open rebuke is better than secret love. *Prov. xxvii. 5.*

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. *Prov. xxvii. 15.*

The wicked flee when no man pursueth. *Prov. xxviii. 1.*

Give me neither poverty nor riches. *Prov. xxx. 8.*

The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *Prov. xxx. 15.*

Her children rise up and call her blessed. *Prov. xxxi. 28.*

There is no new thing under the sun. *Eccles. i. 9.*

All is vanity and vexation of spirit. *Eccles. i. 14.*

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. *Eccles. iii. 1.*

The sleep of a laboring man is sweet.
Eccles. v. 12.

A good name is better than precious ointment.
Eccles. vii. 1.

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting.
Eccles. vii. 2.

Be not righteous overmuch. *Eccles. vii. 16.*

To eat and to drink and to be merry.
Eccles. viii. 15. Luke xii. 19.

For a living dog is better than a dead lion.
Eccles. ix. 4.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.
Eccles. ix. 10.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.
Eccles. ix. 11.

Cast thy bread upon the waters ; for thou shalt find it after many days.
Eccles. xi. 1.

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.
Eccles. xi. 3.

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eye to behold the sun. *Eccles. xi. 7.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. *Eccles. xii. 1.*

And the grasshopper shall be a burden. *Eccles. xii. 5*

Man goeth to his long home. *Eccles. xii. 5.*

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. *Eccles. xii. 6.*

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. *Eccles. xii. 7.*

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity. *Eccles. i. 2; xii. 8.*

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. *Eccles. xii. 12.*

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The Song of Solomon ii. 11, 12.

The little foxes, that spoil the vines.

The Song of Solomon ii. 15.

Terrible as an army with banners.

The Song of Solomon vi. 10.

Grind the faces of the poor.

Is. iii. 15.

To the law and to the testimony.

Is. viii. 20.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and
the leopard shall lie down with the kid. *Is. xi. 6.*

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer,
son of the morning ! *Is. xiv. 12.*

Whose merchants are princes.

Is. xxiii. 8.

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon
precept ; line upon line, line upon line ; here a
little, and there a little. *Is. xxviii. 10.*

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the
rose. *Is. xxxv. 1.*

Set thine house in order.

Is. xxxviii. 1.

All flesh is grass.

Is. xl. 6

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket,
and are counted as the small dust of the balance.

Is. xl. 15.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the
smoking flax shall he not quench. *Is. xlii. 3.*

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked. *Is. xlvi. 22.*

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter. *Is. liii. 7.*

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. *Is. lx. 22.*

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *Is. lxi. 3.*

I have trodden the wine-press alone. *Is. lxiii. 3.*

We all do fade as a leaf. *Is. lxiv. 6.*

Peace, peace ; when there is no peace. *Jer. vi. 14 ; viii. 11.*

Amend your ways and your doings. *Jer. vii. 3.*

Is there no balm in Gilead ? is there no physician there ? *Jer. viii. 22.*

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ? *Jer. xiii. 23.*

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. *Ez. x. 10.*

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. *Ez. xviii. 2.*

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Dan. v. 27.*

The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

Dan. vi. 12.

For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. *Hos. viii. 7.*

And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.

Mic. iv. 3.

But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree. *Mic. iv. 4.*

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. *Hab. ii. 2.*

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

Mal. iv. 2.

For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.

Eccles. x. 20.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith. *Eccles. xiii. 1.*

He will laugh thee to scorn. *Eccles. xiii. 7.*

Great is truth and mighty above all things.

Esd. iv. 51.

And Nicanor lay dead in his harness.

1 *Mac.* xv. 28.



NEW TESTAMENT.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

Matt. ii. 18.

Man shall not live by bread alone. *Matt.* iv. 4.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

Matt. v. 13.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

Matt. v. 14.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

Matt. vi. 3.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Matt. vi. 21

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Matt. vi. 24.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.

Matt. vi. 28

Take therefore no thought for the morrow ; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Matt. vi. 34.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.

Matt. vii. 6.

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Matt. vii. 7.

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.

Matt. viii. 20.

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

Matt. ix. 37.

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

Matt. x. 16.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Matt. x. 30.

The tree is known by his fruit.

Matt. xii. 33.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Matt. xii. 34.

A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house.

Matt. xiii. 57.

Be of good cheer : it is I ; be not afraid.

Matt. xiv. 27.

And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

Matt. xv. 14.

Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.

Matt. xv. 27.

Get thee behind me, Satan.

Matt. xvi. 23

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?

Matt. xvi. 26.

It is good for us to be here.

Matt. xvii. 4.

What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

Matt. xix. 6.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

Matt. xix. 24.

Which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

Matt. xx. 12.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own ?

Matt. xx. 15.

For many are called, but few are chosen.

Matt. xxii. 14.

Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. *Matt. xxiii. 24.*

For ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones. *Matt. xxiii. 27.*

For wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. *Matt. xxiv. 28.*

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. *Matt. xxv. 29.*

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. *Matt. xxvi. 41.*

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. *Mark iv. 9.*

My name is Legion. *Mark v. 9.*

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. *Mark ix. 44.*

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees. *Luke iii. 9.*

Physician, heal thyself. *Luke iv. 23.*

Go, and do thou likewise.

Luke x. 37.

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.

Luke x. 42.

He that is not with me is against me.

Luke xi. 23.

And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

Luke xii. 19.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.

Luke xii. 35.

For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

Luke xvi. 8.

It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.

Luke xvii. 2.

Remember Lot's wife.

Luke xvii. 32.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.

Luke xix. 22.

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?

John i. 46.

The wind bloweth where it listeth.

John iii. 8.

He was a burning and a shining light.

John v. 35.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *John vi. 12.*

Judge not according to the appearance. *John vii. 24.*

For the poor always ye have with you. *John xii. 8.*

Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. *John xii. 35.*

Let not your heart be troubled. *John xiv. 1.*

In my Father's house are many mansions. *John xiv. 2.*

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. *John xv. 13.*

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. *Acts ix. 5.*

It is more blessed to give than to receive. *Acts xx. 35.*

For there is no respect of persons with God. *Rom. ii. 11.*

As some affirm that we say, Let us do evil that good may come. *Rom. iii. 8*

For the wages of sin is death. *Rom. vi. 23.*

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. *Rom. viii. 28*

A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge.

Rom. x. 2

Be not wise in your own conceits. *Rom. xii. 16.*

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. *Rom. xii. 20.*

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *Rom. xii. 21.*

The powers that be are ordained of God.

Rom. xiii. 1.

Render therefore to all their dues. *Rom. xiii. 7.*

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *Rom. xiii. 10.*

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. *Rom. xiv. 5.*

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. *1 Cor. iii. 6.*

Every man's work shall be made manifest.

1 Cor. iii. 13.

Not to think of men above that which is written.* *1 Cor. iv. 6.*

Absent in body, but present in spirit. *1 Cor. v. 3.*

* Always quoted, "to be *wise* above that which is written."

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? 1 Cor. v. 6

For the fashion of this world passeth away. 1 Cor. vii. 31.

I am made all things to all men. 1 Cor. ix. 22

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 Cor. x. 12.

As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. 1 Cor. xiii. 1.

When I was a child, I spake as a child. 1 Cor. xiii. 11.

For now we see through a glass, darkly. 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.* 1 Cor. xv. 33.

The first man is of the earth, earthy. 1 Cor. xv. 47.

In the twinkling of an eye. 1 Cor. xv. 52.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? 1 Cor. xv. 55.

* Φθείρουσιν ἡθῆ χρησθ' ὀμιλίαι κακαί. — MENANDER. †

“Bonos corrumpunt mores congressus mali.”

TERTULLIAN, *Ad Uxorem*, Lib. I. c. 8.

† Dübner's edition of his Fragments, appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*, p. 102, l. 102.

Not of the letter, but of the spirit ; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. 2 *Cor.* iii. 6.

We walk by faith, not by sight. 2 *Cor.* v. 7.

Behold, now is the accepted time. 2 *Cor.* vi. 2.

By evil report and good report. 2 *Cor.* vi. 8.

For every man shall bear his own burden.
Gal. vi. 5.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.
Gal. vi. 7.

Be ye angry, and sin not : let not the sun go down upon your wrath.
Eph. iv. 26.

Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame.
Phil. iii. 19.

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.
Phil. i. 21.

Touch not ; taste not ; handle not. *Col.* ii. 21.

Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love.
1 Thess. i. 3.

Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good.
1 Thess. v. 21.

Not greedy of filthy lucre. *1 Tim.* iii. 3.

The laborer is worthy of his reward.*

1 *Tim.* v. 18.

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake.

1 *Tim.* v. 23

For the love of money is the root of all evil.

1 *Tim.* vi. 10

Science falsely so called.

1 *Tim.* vi. 20.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

2 *Tim.* iv. 7.

Unto the pure, all things are pure. *Titus* i. 15.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Heb. xi. 1.

Of whom the world was not worthy. *Heb.* xi. 38.

A cloud of witnesses.

Heb. xii. 1.

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

Heb. xii. 6

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

Heb. xiii. 2.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.

James i. 12

* The laborer is worthy of his hire.—*Luke* x. 7.

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth !
James iii. 5.

Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.
James iv. 7

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins.
1 Peter iv. 8.

Be sober, be vigilant ; because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.
1 Peter v. 8.

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.*
2 Peter iii. 10.

There is no fear in love ; but perfect love casteth out fear.
1 John iv. 18.

Be thou faithful unto death.
Rev. ii. 10.

He shall rule them with a rod of iron.
Rev. ii. 27.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.
Rev. xxii. 13.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done ; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.

Morning Prayer.

The iron entered into his soul. *Ps. cv. 18.*

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.

In the midst of life we are in death.*

The Burial Service.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Ibid.

—◆—

And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

TATE AND BRADY. — *Ps. xv. 5.*

* This is derived from a Latin Antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the ground-work of Luther's Antiphon *De Morte*.

EDMUND SPENSER. 1553-1599.

FAERIE QUEENE.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Book i. Canto i. St. 35.

Her angels face,

As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,

And made a sunshine in the shady place.

Book i. Canto iii. St. 4.

Entire affection hateth nicer hands.

Book i. Canto viii. St. 40.

That darksome cave they enter, where they find

That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,

Musing full sadly in his sullein mind.

Book i. Canto ix. St. 35.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,

No arborett with painted blossoms drest

And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd

To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al
arownd.

Book ii. Canto vi. St. 12.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,

And her conception of the joyous prime.

Book iii. Canto vi. St. 3.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled.

Book iv. Canto ii. St. 32.

What more felicitie can fall to creature

Than to enjoy delight with libertie,

And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,

To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
 To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.
The Fate of the Butterfly. Line 209.

I was promised on a time
 To have reason for my rhyme ;
 From that time unto this season,
 I received nor rhyme nor reason.*

Lines on his promised Pension.

For of the soul the body form doth take,
 For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Hymn in Honor of Beauty. Line 132.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
 A full assurance given by lookes,
 Continuall comfort in a face
 The lineaments of gospel-books.

Elegiac on a Friend's Passion for his Astrophell.†

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide ;
 To loose good dayes that might be better spent,
 To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.

.
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
 To cate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.

Mother Hubberd's Tale. Line 895.

* See Proverbs; page 409.

† Todd has shown that this poem was written by Mathew Roydon.

SHAKSPEARE. 1564-1616.

TEMPEST.

- My library
- Was dukedom large enough. *Act i. Sc. 2*
- From the still-vexed Bermoothes. *Act i. Sc. 2.*
- I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently. *Act i. Sc. 2.*
- Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Act i. Sc. 2.
- There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Act i. Sc. 2.
- A very ancient and fish-like smell. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*
- Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
Act ii. Sc. 2.
- Fer.* Here 's my hand.
- Mir.* And mine, with my heart in it.
Act iii. Sc. 1

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on ; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Act i. Sc. 1.

I have no other but a woman's reason ; I think
 him so, because I think him so. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

O, how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage. *Act ii. Sc. 7*

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Is she not passing fair? *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

How use doth breed a habit in a man. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

One Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

All his successors, gone before him, have
 done't; and all his ancestors, that come after
 him, may. *Act i. Sc. 1*

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies — love.
Act i. Sc. 1.

Mine host of the Garter. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Convey, the wise it call. Steal! foh! a fico for
the phrase! *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The humor of it. *Act ii. Sc. 1*

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.
Act ii. Sc. 1.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Oh, what a world of vile ill-favored faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.
Act iii. Sc. 4.

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

The rankest compound of villanous smell, that
ever offended nostril. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

A man of my kidney. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Think of that, Master Brook. *Act iii. Sc. 5.*

In his old lunces again. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

They say there is divinity in odd numbers,
either in nativity, chance, or death. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
 Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
 touched,
 But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted.
Act i. Sc. 5

Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
 Guiltier than him they try. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

This will last out a night in Russia,
 When nights are longest there. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Condemn the fault, but not the actor of it.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one half so good a grace,
 As mercy does. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
 And he that might the vantage best have took,
 Found out the remedy. *Act ii Sc. 2.*

O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

But man, proud man,
 Dress'd in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
 His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
 As make the angels weep. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

That in the captain's but a choleric word.
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Servile to all the skyey influences. *Act iii Sc. 1*

Palsied old. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot :
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Take, O take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn ;
 But my kisses bring again, bring again,
 Seals of Love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.*
Act iv. Sc. 1.

* This song is found in "The Bloody Brother, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy," by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act v. Sc.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Act iv. Sc. 2

'Gainst the tooth of time

And razure of oblivion.

Act v. Sc. 1

My business in this state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna. *Act v. Sc. 1*

They say, best men are moulded out of faults.

Act v. Sc. 1.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

He hath indeed better bettered expectation.

Act i. Sc. 1.

A very valiant trencherman.

Act i. Sc. 1.

A skirmish of wit between them.

Act i. Sc. 1.

As merry as the day is long.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love.

Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy ; I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

2, with an additional stanza. There has been much controversy about the authorship, but the more probable opinion seems to be that the second stanza was added by Fletcher

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
 Men were deceivers ever ;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
 To one thing constant never.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Sits the wind in that corner ?

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper
 bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career
 of his humor ?

Act ii. Sc. 3.

No : the world must be peopled.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not
 think I should live till I were married.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Some, Cupid kills with arrows, some with
 traps.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Are you good men and true ?

Act iii. Sc. 3.

To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune ;
 but to write and read comes by nature.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the
 man.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

Comparisons are odorous. *Act iii. Sc. 5*

A good old man, sir ; he will be talking.
Act iii. Sc. 5.

O, what men dare do ! what men may do !
What men daily do ! not knowing what they do.
Act iv. Sc. 1

I have marked

A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Into the eye and prospect of his soul. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Flat burglary, as ever was committed.
Act iv. Sc. 2.

O that he were here to write me down — an ass.
Act iv. Sc. 2.

A fellow that hath had losses ; and one that
hath two gowns, and everything handsome about
him. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

- For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
Act v. Sc. 1.
- I was not born under a rhyming planet. *Act v. Sc. 2.*
- Done to death by slanderous tongues. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

- But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
Act i. Sc. 1.
- For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
Act i. Sc. 1.
- Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Act i. Sc. 1.
- Masters, spread yourselves. *Act i. Sc. 2.*
- This is Ercles' vein. *Act i. Sc. 2.*
- I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ;
I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.
Act i. Sc. 2.
- A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.
Act i. Sc. 2.
- And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

In maiden meditation, fancy free. *Act ii. Sc. 2*

I'll put a girdle round about the earth,
In forty minutes. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

A lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Bless thee Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The best in this kind are but shadows. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.
Act i. Sc. 1.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from other's books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they
are. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

That unlettered, small-knowing soul. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female ;
Or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.
Act i. Sc. 1.

The rational hind Costard. *Act i. Sc. 2*

Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole
volumes in folio. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Act ii. Sc. 1.

A very beadle to a humorous sigh. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid :
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred
 in a book. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Dictynna, good-man Dull. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

These are begot in the ventricle of memory,
 nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliv-
 ered upon the mellowing of occasion. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself.
Act iv. Sc. 3.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

As sweet, and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Act iv. Sc. 3.

They have been at a great feast of languages,
 and stolen the scraps. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
 finer than the staple of his argument.
Act v. Sc. 1.

In the posteriors of this day; which the rude
multitude call the afternoon. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

They have measured many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Act v. Sc. 2.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Act v. Sc. 2*

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
Act v. Sc. 2.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.
Act i. Sc. i.

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
Act i. Sc. 1.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Act i. Sc. 1.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?

Act i. Sc. 1.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !

Act i. Sc. 1.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing ;
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons
are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of
chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them :
and, when you have them, they are not worth the
search.

Act i. Sc. 1.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for
a man.

Act i. Sc. 2

Ships are but boards, sailors but men ; there be
land-rats, and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-
thieves.

Act i. Sc. 3.

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Even there, where merchants most do congre-
gate.

Act i. Sc. 3

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

Act i. Sc. 3.

A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Act i. Sc. 3

Many a time, and oft,

In the Rialto, you have rated me. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

Act i. Sc. 3.

In a bondman's key,

With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness.

Act i. Sc. 3.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife. *Act ii. Sc. 5.*

All things that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.

Act ii. Sc. 6.

I am a Jew : hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ?

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.*

Act iii. Sc. 5.

What ! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

Act iv. Sc. 1.

The quality of mercy is not strained ;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed ;

* *Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.*

PHILIPPE GUALTIER, (12 century,) *Darius.* Book v.

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ,
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself,
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to
 render
 The deeds of mercy. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

A Daniel come to judgment. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Is it so nominated in the bond? *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I have thee on the hip. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

He is well paid, that is well satisfied.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !

Act v. Sc. 1.

Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Act v. Sc. 1.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Act v. Sc. 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

Act v. Sc. 1.

How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Act v. Sc. 1

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Well said : that was laid on with a trowel.

Act i. Sc. 2.

My pride fell with my fortunes.

Act i. Sc. 2

Cel. Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

O how full of briars is this working-day world!
Act i. Sc. 3.

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside.
Act i. Sc. 3.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
Act ii. Sc. 1.

The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

“Poor deer,” quoth he, “thou mak'st a testament,
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which hath too much.” *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

And he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.
Act ii. Sc. 3

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

O good old man ; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
When none will sweat, but for promotion.
Act ii. Sc. 3.

And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, " It is ten o'clock."
" Thus we may see," quoth he, " how the world
wags." *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

" And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer.
Act ii. Sc. 7.

Motley's the only wear. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it ; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observation. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please.

Act ii. Sc. 7

The *why* is plain as way to parish church.

Act ii. Sc. 7.

All the world's a stage

And all the men and women merely players :

They have their exits and their entrances ;

And one man in his time plays many parts.

His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;

Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad

Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
tice,

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances,

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;

His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
Act ii. Sc. 7.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude. *Act ii. Sc. 7.*

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?
Act iii. Sc. 2.

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful
 wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after
 that out of all whooping. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Every one fault seeming monstrous, till his
 fellow-fault came to match it. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how
 much.* *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.
Act iii. Sc. 3.

Down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
Act iii. Sc. 5

* See Spenser, *ante*, p. 28.

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason.

Act v. Sc. 2.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

Act v. Sc. 2.

An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.

Act v. Sc. 4.

The Retort courteous ; the Lie direct. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

Your *If* is the only peacemaker ; much virtue
in *If*. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

Good wine needs no bush. *Epilogue.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Induction, Sc. 2

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en ;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Act i. Sc. 1.

There is small choice in rotten apples. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

And thereby hangs a tale.* *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

My cake is dough. * *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Intolerable, not to be endured. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled ;
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

Act v. Sc. 2.

* Othello ; Act iii. Sc. 1. Merry Wives of Windsor ; Act i. Sc. 4. As You Like It ; Act ii. Sc. 7.

WINTER'S TALE.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. *Act iv. Sc. 2*

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think t^o wed it. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. *Act i. Sc. 1*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven. *Act i. Sc. 1*

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good
and ill together.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Whose words all ears took captive. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time.

Act v. Sc. 3.

Praising what is lost

Makes the remembrance dear. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy.

Act v. Sc. 3.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;— it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

Act i. Sc. 1.

I am sure care's an enemy to life. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Act i. Sc. 5.

Journeys end in lovers' meeting

Every wise man's son doth know. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Sir To. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,

So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,

Than women's are. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat, like Patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

An you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortune before you. *Act ii. Sc. 5*

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them.

Act ii. Sc. 5.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip! *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though
thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

An I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning
in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd
have challenged him.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning
wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply
inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinks't thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve
his opinion.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his
revenges.

Act v. Sc. 1.

KING JOHN.

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Act i. Sc. 1.

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
For new-made honor doth forget men's names.

Act i. Sc. 1.

He is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of observation. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.

Act i. Sc. 1.

For courage mounteth with occasion. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I would that I were low laid in my grave ;

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Here I and sorrow sit ;

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Act ii. Sc. 1

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,

Thou little valiant, great in villany !

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety !

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.

Act iii. Sc. 4

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light,
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.

Act iv. Sc. 2

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done ! *Act iv. Sc. 2*

Mocking the air with colors idly spread.

Act v. Sc. 1.

KING RICHARD II.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?

Act i. Sc. 3.

The apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

Act i. Sc. 3.

The ripest fruit first falls.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Not all the waters in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small module of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

KING HENRY IV. PART I.

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage, on the bitter cross. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Old father antic the law. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Thou hast damnable iteration. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

'T is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

He will give the devil his due. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
Act i. Sc. 3.

The blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honor by the locks.

Act i. Sc. 3.

I know a trick worth two of that. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

If the rascal have not given me medicine to
 make me love him, I'll be hanged. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Falstaff sweats to death,
 And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,
 safety. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Brain him with his lady's fan. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

A plague of all cowards, I say. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Call you that backing of your friends? a plague
 upon such backing! *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and
 thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram
 let drive at me. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. *Act ii. Sc. 4*

I was a coward on instinct. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

In King Cambyses' vein. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

O monstrous! but one half penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

I am not in the roll of common men. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come when you do call for them?

Act iii. Sc. 1.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the
Devil. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A good mouth-filling oath. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?
Act iii. Sc. 3.

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace.
Act iv. Sc. 2.

A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me,
I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the
dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows.
I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's
flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt
the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed, I
had most of them out of prison. There's but a
shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-
shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown

over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Food for powder, food for powder ; they 'll fill a pit as well as better. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it: Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. *Act v. Sc. 4*

I could have better spared a better man. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

The better part of valor is discretion. *Act v. Sc. 4.*

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and

so was he : but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

Act v. Sc. 4.

Purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly.

Act v. Sc. 4.

KING HENRY IV. PART II.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burned. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend.

Act i. Sc. 1.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause
that wit is in other men. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and
singing of anthems. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

I'll tickle your catastrophe. *Act ii. S. 1.*

He hath eaten me out of house and home.

Act ii. Sc. 1

He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Act iii. Sc. 1

With all appliances and means to boot.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, — being, — whereby, — he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

We have heard the chimes at midnight.

Act. iii. Sc. 2.

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring; when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

Act iv. Sc. 4

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Act iv. Sc. 4

Under which king? Bezonian, speak, or die.

Act v. Sc. 3.

KING HENRY V.

Consideration like an angel came,

And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

Act i. Sc. 1.

When he speaks,

The air, a chartered libertine, is still. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Base is the slave that pays.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

A' babbled of green fields.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once
more ;

Or close the wall up with our English dead !

In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man,

As modest stillness, and humility ;

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger :

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.

Act iii. Sc. 1

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,

Straining upon the start.

Act iii. Sc. 1

You may as well say, — that 's a valiant flea,
that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Act iii. Sc. 7.

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umbered face :
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
 The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation. *Act iv. Chorus.*

There is some sort of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every
 subject's soul is his own. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

This day is called the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
Act iv. Sc. 3.

Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words, —
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt
find the best king of good fellows. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

KING HENRY VI. PART I.

Hung be the heavens with black. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.*
Act iii. Sc. 2.

He dies and makes no sign. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin
of an innocent lamb should be made parchment?
that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo
a man?
Act iv. Sc. 2

* "I'm armed with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel." — MARLOWE. *Lust's Dominion.*

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.

Act iv. Sc. 2

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth
of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school : and
whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books
but the score and the tally, thou hast caused
printing to be used ; and contrary to the king, his
crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.

Act iv. Sc. 7.

KING HENRY VI. PART III.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Act v. Sc. 6.

KING RICHARD III.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.

Act i. Sc. 1.

I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up.

Act i. Sc. 1

Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time.

Act i. Sc. 1

To leave this keen encounter of our wits.

Act i. Sc. 2

Was ever woman in this humor wooed ?

Was ever woman in this humor won ?

Act i. Sc. 2

And thus I clothe my naked villany

With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ ;

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Act i. Sc. 3.

O, I have passed a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days.

Act i. Sc. 4.

So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed.

Act iv. Sc 4

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Act iv. Sc. 4.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment.

Act v. Sc. 2.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Act v. Sc. 2

The king's name is a tower of strength.

Act v. Sc. 3.

A thing devised by the enemy.

Act v. Sc. 3.

A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Act v. Sc. 4.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

Act v. Sc. 4.

KING HENRY VIII.

Verily

I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

And then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Press not a falling man too far.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost.

Act iii. Sc. 2

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

And sleep in dull, cold marble.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Fling away ambition :

By that sin fell the angels.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Love thyself last.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not .
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's.

Act iii. Sc. 2

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
 Give him a little earth for charity ! *Act iv. Sc. 2*

He gave his honors to the world again,
 His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.
 Act iv. Sc. 2

 He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading :
 Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not ;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as sum-
 mer. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.
 Act v. Sc. 2.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I have had my labor for my travel. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
 Act iii. Sc. 3.

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to airy air. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

CORIOLANUS.

Hear you this Triton of the minnows ?

Act iii. Sc.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Beware the Ides of March !

Act i. Sc. 1.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point ? — Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

Like a Colossus ; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates ;

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Let me have men about me, that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights ;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Act i. Sc. 2

Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Act i. Sc. 2.

But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does ; being then most flattered.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Act ii. Sc. 1*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes. *Act ii. Sc. 2*

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament. Act iii. Sc. 1.

The choice and master spirits of this age.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Though last, not least, in love. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for
my cause ; and be silent that you may hear.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved
Rome more. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ?
If any, speak : for him have I offended.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

The evil that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men. Act iii. Sc. 2.

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Act iii. Sc. 2

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

Act iii. Sc. 2

See, what a rent the envious Casca made !

Act iii. Sc. 2

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Great Cæsar fell.

O what a fall was there, my countrymen !

Act iii. Sc. 2.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is.

. . . . I only speak right on. *Act iii. Sc. 2*

Put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

You yourself

Are much condemned to have an itching palm.

Act iv. Sc. 3

The foremost man of all this world. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
 For I am armed so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. *Act iv. Sc. 3*

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Act iv. Sc. 3

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
Act iv. Sc. 3.

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well.
Act v. Sc. 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
Act v. Sc. 5.

His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, *This was a man !*
Act v. Sc. 5.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
Act i. Sc. 1.

For her own person,
 It beggared all description. *Act ii. Sc. 2*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Act iv. Sc. 4.

CYMBELINE.

Hark . hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*
And Phœbus 'gins arise. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Some griefs are med'cinable. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
Act iii. Sc. 3.

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Act iii. Sc. 6.*

KING LEAR.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.
Act i. Sc. 4.

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

* None but the lark so shrill and clear!
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings. — JOHN LYLY.
Alexander and Campaspe. Act v. Sc. 1.

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks ! rage !
 blow ! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipped of justice. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I am a man
 More sinned against than sinning. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that.
Act iii. Sc. 4.

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these ? *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Take physic, pomp ;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.
Act iii. Sc. 4.

The green mantle of the standing pool.
Act iii. Sc. 4.

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
 Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
Act iii. Sc. 4

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
Act iii. Sc. 4

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Act iii. Sc. 6.

Patience and sorrow strove,

Who should express her goodliest. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice. *Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Ay, every inch a king. *Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to

sweeten my imagination. *Act iv. Sc. 6.*

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;

Robes and furred gowns hide all. *Act iv. Sc. 6.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

Act v. Sc. 3.

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. *Act i. Sc. 2*

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.

Act ii. Sc. 1

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The weakest goes to the wall. *Act i. Sc. 1*

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

One fire burns out another's burning.
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.

Act i. Sc. 2.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.

Act i. Sc. 3

For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase.

Act i. Sc. 4

O, then I see, Queen Mab hath been with you,
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the forefinger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.

Act i. Sc. 4.

True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

Too early seen unknown, and known too late.
Act i. Sc. 5.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek ! *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Act ii. Sc. 2.

What 's in a name ? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

At lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. *Act ii. Sc 2*

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Act ii. Sc. 2

The god of my idolatry.

Act ii. Sc. 2

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

I am the very pink of courtesy.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

My man's as true as steel.

Act ii. Sc. 1

Here comes the lady; — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

Act ii. Sc. 6.

A plague o' both the houses ! *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Rom. Courage, man ! the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door ; but 't is enough.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace ! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
Act iii. Sc. 5.

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Act iii. Sc. 5.

Villain and he are many miles asunder.
Act iii. Sc. 5.

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Act iv. Sc. 2.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.
Act v. Sc. 1.

A beggarly account of empty boxes. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

My poverty, but not my will, consents. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A feasting presence full of light. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Eyes, look your last !
Arms, take your last embrace ! *Act v. Sc. 3.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

I'll example you with thievery :
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea : the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears : the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement : each thing 's a thief. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

MACBETH.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?
Act i. Sc. 1.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will
not. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Stands not within the prospect of belief.
Act i. Sc. 3.

The insane root
That takes the reason prisoner. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs.
Act i. Sc. 3.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died,
As one that had been studied in his death

To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle. *Act i. Sc. 4*

There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
Act i. Sc. 4.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness.
Act i. Sc. 5.

What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

Coigne of vantage. *Act i. Sc. 6.*

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were
well

It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here.
Act i. Sc. 7

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other — *Act i. Sc. 7.*

I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

Nor time, nor place, did then adhere. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

Screw your courage to the sticking-place. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Act i. Sc. 7.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ?

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight ; or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain ?
Act ii. Sc. 1.

'Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going.
Act ii. Sc. 1.

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts.
Act ii. Sc. 1.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell !
Act ii. Sc. 1.

It was the owl that shrieked,
 The fatal bellman, which gives the stern'st good
 night.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

The attempt, and not the deed, confounds us.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

I had most need of blessing, and Amen
 Stuck in my throat.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

Methought, I heard a voice cry, " Sleep no more !"
 Macbeth does murder sleep ! the innocent sleep ;
 Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care.
 The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

Infirm of purpose !
Act ii. Sc. 2.

My hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green — one red. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The labor we delight in, physics pain. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
Most sacriligious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed.
Act ii. Sc. 4.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Mur. We are men, my liege.

Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard : what's done is done.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

We have scotched the snake, not killed it.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Duncan is in his grave!

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Thou canst not say, I did it; never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

The times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with!

Act iii. Sc. 4.

What man dare, I dare.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Unreal mockery, hence!

Act iii. Sc. 4.

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting, with most admired disorder.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder? *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Double, double, toil and trouble. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Black spirits and white,
 Red spirits and gray,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.*
 Act iv. Sc. 1.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.
 Act iv. Sc. 1.

A deed without a name. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart!
 Come like shadows, so depart. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
 doom? *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

* These lines occur also in "The Witch" of Thomas Middleton, Act 5, Sc. 2; and it is uncertain to which the priority should be ascribed.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Act iv. Sc. 3.

Stands Scotland where it did? *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
Act iv. Sc. 3.

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop? *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue ! *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier and afeared. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
this little hand. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,

As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
 not. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

 Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart ? *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Therein the patient must minister to himself.
Act v. Sc. 3.

Throw physic to the dogs : I'll none of it.
Act v. Sc. 3.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
 The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn. *Act v. Sc. 5.*

I have supped full with horrors. *Act v. Sc. 5.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life 's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing. *Act v. Sc. 5*

Lies like truth. *Act v. Sc. 5*

Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
 At least we 'll die with harness on our back.
Act v. Sc. 5.

I bear a charmed life. *Act v. Sc. 7.*

That palter with us in a double sense ;
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope. *Act v. Sc. 7.*

Lay on, Macduff ;
 And damned be him that first cries, Hold, enough !
Act v. Sc. 7.

HAMLET.

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Does not divide the Sunday from the week.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day.

Act i. Sc. 1.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

Act i. Sc. 1.

And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons.

Act i. Sc. 1.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Act i. Sc. 1.

The head is not more native to the heart.

Act i. Sc. 2.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.

Act i. Sc. 2.

But I have that within which passeth show ;
 These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Act i. Sc. 2.

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, sterile, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !

Act i. Sc. 2.

That it should come to this !

Act i. Sc. 2.

Hyperion to a satyr ! so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Frailty, thy name is woman !

Act i. Sc. 2.

A little month.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Like Niobe, all tears.

Act i. Sc. 2.

A beast, that wants discourse of reason.

Act Sc. 2.

My father's brother ; but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Act i. Sc. 2.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Act i. Sc. 2.

He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

Act i. Sc. 2.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Act i. Sc. 3.

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;

Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

And recks not his own rede.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Give thy thoughts no tongue.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
 Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all, — To thine ownself be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Springes to catch woodcocks.*

Act i. Sc. 3.

But to my mind, — though I am native here,
 And to the manner born, — it is a custom
 More honored in the breach, than the observance.

Act i. Sc. 4.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Act i. Sc. 4.

Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee.

Act i. Sc. 4.

* A proverbial phrase.

Let me not burst in ignorance! *Act i. Sc. 4.*

In complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon
Making night hideous. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

I do not set my life at a pin's fee. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Act i. Sc. 4.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
Act i. Sc. 5.

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf.
Act i. Sc. 5.

O my prophetic soul! mine uncle! *Act i. Sc. 5.*

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
Act i. Sc. 5.

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
 Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.
Act i. Sc. 5.

Leave her to heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. *Act. i. Sc. 5.*

While memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory,
 I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records.
Act i. Sc. 5.

Within the book and volume of my brain.
Act i. Sc. 5.

My tables, my tables,— meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
Act i. Sc. 5.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
 To tell us this. *Act i. Sc. 5.*

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
Act i. Sc. 5.

The time is out of joint. *Act i. Sc. 5*

This is the very ecstasy of love. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Brevity is the soul of wit. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

That he is mad, 't is true ; 't is true, 't is pity ;
And pity 't is, 't is true. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Doubt thou the stars are fire ;
Doubt that the sun doth move ;
Doubt truth to be a liar ;
But never doubt I love. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Still harping on my daughter. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Pol. What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words ! *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

They have a plentiful lack of wit. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Though this be madness, yet there 's method in it.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul

and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Man delights not me,—no, nor woman neither.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Come, give us a taste of your quality.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

'T was caviare to the general.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her?

Act ii. Sc. 2

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

The play 's the thing,
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.

Act ii. Sc. 2

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

With devotion's visage,
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

To be, or not to be? that is the question:—
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?— To die—to sleep—
 No more;— and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to;— 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die;— to sleep;—
 To sleep! perchance, to dream:— ay, there 's the
 rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There 's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes;
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin. Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death —
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns — puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry
 And lose the name of action. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembered. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
Act iii. Sc. 1

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
 shalt not escape calumny. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue,
sword. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers! *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your
hand. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split
the ears of the groundlings. *Act iii. Sc. 2*

It out-herods Herod. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Suit the action to the word, the word to the
action. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Though it make the unskilful laugh,
Cannot but make the judicious grieve.
Act iii. Sc. 2

Not to speak it profanely. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I have thought some of nature's journeymen
had made men, and not made them well, they
imitated humanity so abominably. *Act iii. Sc. 2*

O, reform it altogether. *Act iii. Sc. 2*

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

No, let the candid tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. *Act iii. Sc. 2*

A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

They are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stops she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Here's metal more attractive. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have
a suit of sables. *Act. iii. Sc. 2.*

This is miching *mallecho* ; it means mischief.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?

Oph. 'T is brief my lord.

Ham. As woman's love. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

The lady protests too much, methinks.
Act iii. Sc. 2

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are
unwring. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play ;
For some must watch, while some must sleep ;
Thus runs the world away. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

'T is as easy as lying. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

It will discourse most eloquent music. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Pluck out the heart of my mystery. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Very like a whale. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

They fool me to the top of my bent. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to the world. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
Act iii. Sc. 2.

O my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.
Act iii. Sc. 3.

About some act,
That has no relish of salvation in 't. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

False as dicers' oaths. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow !
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.
Act iii. Sc. 4.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.

Act iii. Sc. 4

At your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

A king of shreds and patches.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

This is the very coinage of your brain. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word : which madness
 Would gambol from.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar.

Act iii. Sc. 4

Diseases desperate grown,
 By desperate appliance are relieved,
 Or not at all.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Sure, He that made us with such large dis-
course,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unused. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor 's at the stake. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

We know what we are, but know not what we
may be. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions ! *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
Act iv. Sc. 5.

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance ; and
there is pansies, that 's for thoughts. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

A very riband in the cap of youth. *Act iv. Sc. 7.*

Cudgel thy brains no more about it. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

One, that was a woman, sir, but rest her soul,
she 's dead. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by
the card or equivocation will undo us. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the
peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he
galls his kibe. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Alas, poor Yorick ! I knew him, Horatio a
fellow of infinite jest ; of most excellent fancy.
Act v. Sc. 1.

Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ?
your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were
wont to set the table on a roar ? *Act v. Sc. 1.*

To what base uses we may return, Horatio !
Act v. Sc. 1.

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
Act v. Sc. 1.

Sweets to the sweet. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous.
Act v. Sc. 1.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
Act v. Sc. 1.

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Act v. Sc. 2*

Into a towering passion. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides.

Act v. Sc. 2.

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

Act v. Sc. 2.

I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Act v. Sc. 2.

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Act v. Sc. 2.

Report me and my cause aright.

Act v. Sc. 2.

OTHELLO.

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Whip me such honest knaves.

Act i. Sc. 1.

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at.

Act i. Sc. 1.

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation.

Act i. Sc. 2.

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors.

Act i. Sc. 3.

She swore, In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
strange ;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :

She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man.

Act i. Sc. 3.

Upon this hint I spake :

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.

Act i. Sc. 3.

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The robbed that smiles steals something from the
thief. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Put money in thy purse. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

Framed to make women false. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

For I am nothing, if not critical. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion !

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Egregiously an ass. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Potations pottle deep. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown ;

He held them sixpence all too dear,
 With that he called the tailor — lown.*

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Silence that dreadful bell ; it frights the isle
 From her propriety.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no
 name to be known by, let us call thee devil !

Act ii. Sc. 3.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
 to steal away their brains !

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Cas. Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the
 ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come ; good wine is a good fa-
 miliar creature, if it be well used. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.† *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

* Though these lines are from an old ballad given in
 Percy they are much altered by Shakspeare, and it is his
 version we sing in the nursery.

† For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Venus and Adonis.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something,
nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thou-
sands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

But oh! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
loves! * *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.
Act iii. Sc. 3.

To be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Declined into the vale of years. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

* The folios have, *soundly loves.*

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. *Act iii. Sc. 3*

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Act iii. Sc. 3*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. *Act iii. Sc. 3*

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robbed at all.
Act iii. Sc. 3

O, now, forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.
Act iii. Sc. 3.

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.
Act iii. Sc. 3.
Othello's occupation 's gone ! *Act iii. Sc. 3*

No hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Give me the ocular proof. *Act iii Sc. 3*

On horror's head horrors accumulate. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

They laugh that win.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity
of it, Iago.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

But, alas! to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, and moving finger at.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

'T is neither here nor there.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

Act v. Sc. 1.

He hath a daily beauty in his life.

Act v. Sc. 1.

One entire and perfect chrysolite.

Act v. Sc. 2.

I have done the state some service, and they
know it.

Act v. Sc. 2

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you
speak

Of one that loved not wisely, but too well.

Act v. Sc. 2.

Of one, whose hand,
Like the base Júdean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe.

Act v. Sc. 2.

Albeit unused to the melting mood. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

SONNETS.

And stretched metre of an antique song.

Sonnet xvii.

The painful warrior, famed for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the books of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

Sonnet xxv.

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.

Sonnet lxxvi.

My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

Sonnet cxi.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Sonnet cxvi.*

THOMAS TUSSER. 1523-1580.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.*

Moral Reflections on the Wind.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Chap. xii.

Such mistress, such Nan,
Such master, such man.

Chap. xxxviii.

'T is merry in hall,
When beards wag all.† *Chap. xlvi.*

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.
Chap. lvii.



BISHOP STILL, (JOHN.) 1543-1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

Gammer Gurton's Needle. Act ii.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old. *Ibid.*

* See Proverbs, page 408.

† Merry swithe it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.

ADAM DAVIE, 1312. *Life of Alexander.*

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1565-1593.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight? *
Hero and Leander.

Come live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
 Woods, or steepy mountains, yield.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
 And burnt the topmast towers of Ilium?
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
 Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies.

Faustus.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552-1618.

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty;
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,

May challenge double pity. *The Silent Lover.*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.
Verses to Edmund Spenser.

* Quoted by SHAKSPEARE. *As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER. 1563-1618.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand !
 Fear not to touch the best :
 The truth shall be thy warrant,
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

*The Soul's Errand.**



RICHARD BARNFIELD. (*Born circa 1570.*)

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made.

Address to the Nightingale.†



FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE. 1554-1628.

O wearisome condition of humanity !

Mustapha. Act v. Sc. 4.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight. †

Sonnet lvi.

* Sylvester is now generally regarded as the author of "The Soul's Errand," long attributed to Raleigh.

† This song, often attributed to Shakspeare, is now confidently assigned to Barnfield; it is found in his collection of Poems in Divers Humours, published in 1598.

‡ And when he is out of sight quickly also is he out of mind.

KEMPIS. *Imitation of Christ.* B. i. Ch. 23.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568-1639.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

The Character of a Happy Life.

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Ibid.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light!

To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's
stuff.

*Preface to the Elements of Architecture.**



DR. JOHN DONNE. 1573-1631.

We understood

Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

Funeral Elegies on the Progress of the Soul.

She and comparisons are odious.†

Elegy 8. The Comparison.

* *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.*

† Cf. BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. iii. Sc. 3, Mem. 1, Subs. 2.

BEN JONSON. 1574-1637.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I 'll not look for wine.*

The Forest. To Celia.

Still to be neat, still to be drest
 As you were going to a feast.

The Silent Woman. Act i. Sc. 1.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace.
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free ;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all th' adulteries of art ;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ibid.

In small proportion we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

Good Life, Long Life.

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die ;
 Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than doth live.

Epitaph on Elizabeth.

* Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοῖς ὀμμασιν. . . . Εἰ δὲ βού-
 λει, τοῖς χεῖλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμι,
 καὶ οὕτως δίδου. PHILOSTRATUS. Letter xxiv.

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death! ere thou hast slain another,
 Learn'd and fair and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

Soul of the age!

The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
 My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room.*

To the Memory of Shakspeare.

Small Latin, and less Greek. *Ibid.*

He was not of an age, but for all time. *Ibid.*

Sweet swan of Avon! *Ibid.*

Get money; still get money, boy;
 No matter by what means.†

Every Man in his Humor. Act ii. Sc. 3.

* Cf. BASSE, p. 160.

† Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
 If not, by any means get wealth and place.

POPE. *Horace*, Ep. i. Book 1.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT. 1585-1616.

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

Letter to Ben Jonson.

JOHN FLETCHER. 1576-1625.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."

THOMAS CAREW. 1589-1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

Disdain Returned.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love, that run away.

Conquest by Flight.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. 1581-1613.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride ;
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.*

A Wife. St. 36.



GEORGE WITHER. 1588-1667.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be ? †

The Shepherd's Resolution

* Cf. *Montague*, page 213.

† Shall I like a hermit dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day ?
If she undervalue me
What care I how fair she be ?

Attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh

FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592-1644.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.

Emblems. Book ii. 2.

This house is to be let for life or years ;
 Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears ;
 Cupid 't has long stood void ; her bills make
 known,
 She must be dearly let, or let alone.

Ibid. Book ii. 10.



GEORGE HERBERT. 1593-1633.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky.

Virtue.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie.

Ibid.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives.

Ibid.

 Like summer friends,
 Flies of estate and sunshine.

The Answer.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine ;
 Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
 Makes that and the action fine. *The Elirir*

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

The Church Porch.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie ;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.*

Ibid.

The worst speak something good ; if all want
sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence. *Ibid.*

· Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sin.*

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him. *Man.*

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast. *The Pulley.*



SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1609-1641.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light ;
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight. *On a Wedding.*

* And he that does one fault at first
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

WATTS. *Against Lying.*

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
 Compared with that was next her chin;
 Some bee had stung it newly. *Ibid*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale? *Song.*

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;
 Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it
 were. *Against Fruition.*



ROBERT HERRICK. 1591-1660.

Some asked me where the Rubies grew,
 And nothing I did say;
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.
The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.

Some asked how Pearls did grow, and where?
 Then spoke I to my Girl,
 To part her lips, and showed them there
 The quarelets of Pearl. *Ibid.*

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
 A little out, and then,

As if they played at Bo-peep,
 Did soon draw in again.* *On her Feet.*

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying,
 And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.†
To the Virgins to make much of Time.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee ;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
Night Piece to Julia.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
 Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.
Seek and Find.



RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618-1658.

Oh ! could you view the melody
 Of every grace,
 And music of her face,‡
 You 'd drop a tear ;
 Seeing more harmony

* Oh if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats.—
 CONGREVE. *Love for Love*. Act. i. Sc. 5.

† Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered. — *Wisdom of Solomon*, ii. 8.

‡ The mind, the music breathing from her face.

BYRON. *Bride of Abydos*. St. 6.

In her bright eye,
Than now you hear. *Orpheus to Beasts*

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.
To Lucasta on going to the Wars

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.
To Althea from Prison.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent, and quiet, take
That for an hermitage.

Ibid.

JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596–1666.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.*
Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. Sc. iii.

RICHARD CRASHAW. *Circa* 1616–1650.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.†
Translation of Epigram on John. ii

* The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
Psalm xci. 4. Common Prayer

† *Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.*
Aquæ in vinum versæ.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.

Wishes to his supposed Mistress

A lappy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

In praise of Leseius' Rule of Health.

Sydneian showers of sweet discourse. *Ibid.*



SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615-1668.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not
dull ;
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing full.

Cooper's Hill. Line 189.

Actions of the last age are like Almanacs of
the last year.

The Sophy. A Tragedy.



THOMAS DEKKER. — 1638.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty
worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.

Old Fortunatus

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer ;

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first true gentleman, that ever breathed.*

The Honest Whore. Part i. Act i. Sc. 12

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.

Ibid. Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.



ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618-1667.

Th' adorning thee with so much art

Is but a barb'rous skill ;

'T is like the poisoning of a dart,

Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

What shall I do to be forever known,

And make the age to come my own? *The Motto*

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might

Be wrong ; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.

On the Death of Crashaw.

God the first garden made, and the first city
Cain.†

The Garden. Essay v.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine ;

But search of deep philosophy,

Wit, eloquence, and poetry ;

Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

* Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys; and also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne. — JULIANA BERNERS. *Herablic Blazonry.*

† God made the country, and man made the town.

COWPER. *The Task. Book i*

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain
 And drinks and gapes for drink again ;
 The plants suck in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.

From Anacreon

Why
 Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ibid.*

His time is forever, everywhere his place.
Friendship in Absence.

Hence ye profane, I hate ye all,
 Both the great vulgar and the small.
Horace. Book iii. Ode 1



EDMUND WALLER. 1605-1687.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,*
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has
 made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
Verses upon his Divine Poesy.

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
 And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.
Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.

A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!

* Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.

FULLER. *Holy and Profane States.* Book i. ch. ii.

Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

On a Girdle.

How small a part of time they share
'That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Go, lovely Rose.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,

Wherewith he wont to soar so high.*

To a Lady singing a Song of his composing.



MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1612-1650.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

Song "My Dear and only Love."

I 'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.

Ib. d.

* So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

BYRON. *English Bards.*

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom;
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart

• Which rank corruption destines for their heart.

T. MOORE. *Corruption.*

JOHN MILTON. 1608-1674.

PARADISE LOST.

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world and all our woe.

Book i. Line 1.

Or if Sion-hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God.

Book i. Line 10.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Book i. Line 16.

What in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
 That, to the height of this great argument,
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Book i Line 22.

As far as Angel's ken.

Book i. Line 59.

Yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible.

Book i. Line 62.

Where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all.

Book i. Line 65.

What though the field be lost,
 All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,

And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.

Book i. Line 105.

To be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering.

Book i. Line 157.

And out of good still to find means of evil.

Book i. Line 165.

Farewell happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! hail, horrors! hail.

Book i. Line 249.

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

Book i. Line 253.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

Book i. Line 261.

Heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle.

Book i. Line 275.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand.

Book i. Line 292

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched imbower

Book i. Line 303.

Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!

Book i. Line 330

Spirits when they please

Can either sex assume, or both. *Book i. Line 423.*

Execute their airy purposes. *Book i. Line 430*

When night

Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

Book i. Line 500.

Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

Book i. Line 536.

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

Book i. Line 540.

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders. *Book i. Line 550.*

His form had yet not lost

All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured. *Book i. Line 591.*

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. *Book i. Line 597.*

Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.

Book i. Line 619

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Book i. Line 618

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for ev'n in Heaven his looks and
thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd

In vision beatific. *Book i. Line 679.*

Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell: that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. *Book i. Line 690.*

A fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation. *Book i. Line 710.*

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day. *Book i. Line 742*

Faëry elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress. *Book i. Line 781*

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence. *Book ii. Line 1*

Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us. *Book ii. Line 39*

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
Book ii. Line 44

Rather than be less
Cared not to be at all. *Book ii. Line 47.*

My sentence is for open war. *Book ii. Line 51.*

That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. *Book ii. Line 75*

When the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Call us to penance. *Book ii. Line 90.*

But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels. *Book ii. Line 112.*

The ethereal mould
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
 Is flat despair. *Book ii. Line 139*

For who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night?
Book ii. Line 146.

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved. *Book ii. Line 185.*

The never ending flight
 Of future days. *Book ii. Line 221.*

With grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air. *Book ii. Line 300.*

The palpable obscure. *Book ii. Line 406*

Oh, shame to men ! devil with devil damned
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational. *Book ii. Line 496*

In discourse more sweet,
 For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate ;
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Book ii. Line 555.

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.
Book ii. Line 565

Arm the obdured breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Book ii. Line 568.

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
 of death. *Book ii. Line 620.*

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
Book ii. Line 628.

The other shape,
 If shape it might be called that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint or limb,
 Or substance might be called that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either — black it stood as Night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart. *Book ii. Line 670*

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?

Book ii. Line 681.

Death

Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear

His famine should be filled. *Book ii. Line 845.*

Where eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold

Eternal anarchy amidst the noise

Of endless wars. *Book ii. Line 894.*

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,

Confusion worse confounded. *Book ii. Line 995.*

Hail, holy light! offspring of Heaven first-
born. *Book iii. Line 1.*

Thus with the year

Seasons return; but not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

Book iii. Line 40.

Since called

The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.

Book iii. Line 495.

At whose sight all the stars

Hide their diminished heads.

Book iv. Line 34

And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

Book iv. Line 76

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse ; all good to me is lost.
 Evil, be thou my good.

Book iv. Line 108.

That practised falsehood under saintly shew,
 Deep malice to conceal.

Book iv. Line 122.

For contemplation he and valor formed,
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

Book iv. Line 297.

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

Book iv. Line 300.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Book iv. Line 323.

And with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

Book iv. Line 393.

Imparadised in one another's arms.

Book iv. Line 506.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad.

Book iv. Line 598

With thee conversing, I forget all time ;
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Book iv. Line 639.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
Book iv. Line 677.

Hail, wedded love ! mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring.
Book iv. Line 750.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
 Touched lightly.
Book iv. Line 810.

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
 The lowest of your throng.
Book iv. Line 830.

All hell broke loose.
Book iv. Line 918.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.
Book v. Line 1.

Good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows.*
Book v. Line 71.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good !
Book v. Line 153.

A wilderness of sweets.
Book v. Line 294.

Another morn
 Risen on mid-noon.
Book v. Line 310.

* That good diffused may more abundant grow.

And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked.

Book xi. Line 491

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

Book xii. Line 646

PARADISE REGAINED.

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.

Book iii. Line 56

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts

And eloquence.

Book iv. Line 240.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.

Book iv. Line 267

As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

Book iv. Line 330

SAMSON AGONISTES.

And silent as the moon,

When she deserts the night

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Line 87.

Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron.

Line 129

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men. *Line 293.*

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe? *Line 560.*

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?
Line 1350.

For evil news rides post, while good news bates.
Line 1538.

Tame villatic fowl. *Line 1695.*

COMUS.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth. *Line 5.*

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity. *Line 13.*

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity. *Line 103.*

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
Line 235

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
Line 221

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment ?
Line 244.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness till it smiled. *Line 249.*

Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium. *Line 256.*

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. *Line 373.*

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun. *Line 381*

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her. *Line 453*

How charming is divine philosophy !
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose ;

But musical as is Apollo's lute,*
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Line 476.*

I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death. *Line 560.*

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
Line 752.

Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.
Line 790.

His rod reversed,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power.
Line 816.

But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run. *Line 1012.*

LYCIDAS.

I come to pluck your berries, harsh and crude,
 And, with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Line 3.

He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
Line 10.

* As sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute.

Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3.

Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Line 14.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days ;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life.

Line 70.

Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark.

Line 101.

The pilot of the Galilean lake.

Line 109.

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

Line 168.

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

Line 193.

IL PENSEROSO.

The gay motes that people the sunbeams.

Line 8.

And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

Line 39

And add to these retired Leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.

Line 49.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy! *Line 61.*

Save the cricket on the hearth. *Line 82.*

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine. *Line 99.*

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *Line 105.*

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold. *Line 109*

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Line 120.

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light. *Line 159.*

L' ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles. *Line 25*

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. *Line 31.*

And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale. *Line 67.*

Meadows trim with daisies pied. *Line 75.*

Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes. *Line 79.*

Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses. *Line 85.*

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men. *Line 117.*

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence. *Line 121.*

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild. *Line 131.*

And ever, against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out. *Line 135.*

The hidden soul of harmony. *Line 144*

SONNETS.

As ever in my great task-master's eye. *Sonnet vii.*

That old man eloquent. *Sonnet x*

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Sonnet xi.

License they mean when they cry liberty.
Sonnet xii.

Peace hath her victories

No less renowned than war. *Sonnet xvi.*

They also serve who only stand and wait.
Sonnet xix.

Yet I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. *Sonnet xxii.*

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
Sonnet xxii.

But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked; she fled; and day brought back my
night. *Sonnet xxiii*

Under a star-y pointing pyramid.
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.
Epitaph on Shakspeare.

WILLIAM BASSE. 1613-1648.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
 To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room
 For Shakspeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
On Shakspeare.



HENRY VAUGHAN. 1614-1695.

I see them walking in an air of glory
 Whose light doth trample on my days ;
 My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays. *They are all gone.*

Dear beauteous death ; the jewel of the just.
Ibid.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 themes.
 And into glory peep. *Ibid.*



ROGER L'ESTRANGE. 1616-1704.

Though this may be play to you,
 'T is death to us.*
Fables from several Authors. Fable 398.

* One man's anguish is another's sport.
YOUNG. *Satire vii.*

SAMUEL BUTLER. 1612-1680.

HUDIBRAS.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.

Part i. Canto i. Line 45.

Besides, 't is known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak.
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle.

Part i. Canto i. Line 51.

He could distinguish, and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and southwest side.

Part i. Canto i. Line 67.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

Part i. Canto i. Line 81.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.

Part i. Canto i. Line 131.

He knew what 's what, and that 's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly. *Part i. Canto i. Line 149.*

Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurnished.*

Part i. Canto i. Line 161.

* Often the cockloft is empty, in those which nature hath built many stories high. — FULLER. *Holy and Profane States*. B. v. ch. xviii.

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By Apostolic blows and knocks.

Part i. Canto i. Line 199.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

Part i. Canto i. Line 215.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

Part i. Canto i. Line 463.

And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write.

Part i. Canto i. Line 647.

Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat ;*
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate."

Part i. Canto i. Line 821.

Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.

Part i. Canto i. Line 852.

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.

Part i. Canto ii. Line 831.

Ay me ! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.

Part i. Canto iii. Line 1.

Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.

Part i. Canto iii. Line 263.

He had got a hurt
Of the inside of a deadlier sort.

Part i. Canto iii. Line 309

* See Proverbs, p. 409.

I am not now in fortune's power ;
 He that is down can fall no lower.*

Part i. Canto iii. Line 877.

Thou hast
 Outrun the Constable at last.

Part i. Canto iii. Line 1367.

Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site ;
 Make former times shake hands with latter,
 And that which was before come after.
 But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think 's sufficient at one time.

Part ii. Canto i. Line 23.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers.

Part ii. Canto i. Line 297.

For what is worth in anything,
 But so much money as 't will bring.

Part ii. Canto i. Line 465.

Love is a boy by poets styled ;
 Then spare the rod and spoil the child.†

Part ii. Canto i. Line 843.

The sun had long since in the lap
 Of Thetis taken out his nap,

* He that is down need fear no fall.

BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress.*

† He that spareth his rod hateth his son.

Proverbs, ch. xiii. 24

And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Part ii. Canto ii. Line 29.

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing.

Part ii. Canto ii. Line 79

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it.

Part ii. Canto ii. Line 377.

As the Ancients

Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,*
And look before you ere you leap ;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap.†

Part ii. Canto ii. Line 501.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat.

Part ii. Canto iii. Line 1.

He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no.

Part ii. Canto iii. Line 261.

To swallow gudgeons ere they're caught,
And count their chickens ere they're hatched.

Part ii. Canto iii. Line 923.

As quick as lightning, in the breach
Just in the place where honor's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged,

* Be careful still of the main chance. — DRYDEN. *Persius*.
Satire vi.

† Cf. TUSSEY, *ante*, p. 26. Whatsoever a man soweth that
shall he also reap. — *Galatians*, ch. vi. 7.

Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honor than deep wounds before,

Part ii. Canto iii. Line 1067.

As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't.

Part iii. Canto i. Line 481.

Still amorous and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

Part iii. Canto i. Line 687.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

Part iii. Canto i. Line 1277.

Cause Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffered to espouse.

Part iii. Canto i. Line 1293.

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our old Nick.

Part iii. Canto i. Line 1313.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

Part iii. Canto ii. Line 175.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.*

Part iii. Canto iii. Line 243.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

Part iii. Canto iii. Line 547.

* See page 402.

JOHN DRYDEN. 1631-1700.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

None but the brave deserves the fair. *Line 15*

Sweet is pleasure after pain. *Line 60.*

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he
 slew the slain. *Line 66.*

Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes. *Line 78.*

For pity melts the mind to love. *Line 96.*

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honor, but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying. *Line 99.*

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee. *Line 106.*

Sighed and looked, and sighed again. *Line 120.*

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.
Line 154.

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
Line 160.

He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. *Line 169.*

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please.
Part i. Line 27.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
Part i. Line 156.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.*
Part i. Line 163.

And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son.
Part i. Line 169.

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
Part i. Line 174.

* What thin partitions sense from thought divide.

POPE. *Essay on Man.* Epistle i. Line 262

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.*

Part i. Line 198

The people's prayer — the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream.†

Part i. Line 238.

Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

Part i. Line 301.

Not only hating David, but the king.

Part i. Line 512.

Who think too little, and who talk too much.

Part i. Line 534.

A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.

Part i. Line 545.

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or devil.

Part i. Line 557.

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.

Part i. Line 645.

* Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.
From *Knolles's History*, (under a portrait of Mustapha I.)

† Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall
see visions. — *Joel ii. 28.*

Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.

Part i. Line 868

Beware the fury of a patient man.*

Part i. Line 1005.

For every inch, that is not fool, is rogue.

Part ii. Line 463.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

Line 84.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise.

Line 107.

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last.

Line 367.

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms ;
Mouths without hands : maintained at vast ex-
pense,

In peace a charge, in war a weak defence ;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand.

Line 400

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

Line 407.

* Furor fit læsâ sæpius patientiâ.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

Like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

Annus Mirabilis. Stanza 39.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow ;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

All for Love. Prologue.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 1.

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion
to me.

The Maiden Queen. Act i. Sc. 2.

But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be ;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

The Tempest. Prologue.

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

The Conquest of Granada. Part i. Act i. Sc. 1.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong ;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.*

Ibid. Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat.
Yet fooled with hope, men favor the deceit ;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :
To-morrow's falser than the former day ;
Lies worse ; and while it says, " We shall be blest
With some new joys," cuts off what we possessed.

* Quos læserunt et oderunt. — SENECA, *De Ira*, Lib. ii. cap. xxxiii.

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris. — TACITUS, *Agricola*, 42, 4.

Strange cozenage! none would live past years
again,

Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

Aurengzebe. Act iv. Sc. 1.

His hair just grizzled

As in a green old age. *Ædipus. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long ;
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years ;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more :
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 1.

She, though in full blown flower of glorious
beauty,
Grows cold, even in the summer of her age.

Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 1.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but madmen know.

The Spanish Friar. Act ii. Sc. 1.

This is the porcelain clay of human kind.*

Don Sebastian. Act i. Sc. 1

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.

Translation of Juvenal's 10th Satire.

* The precious porcelain of human clay.

BYRON. *Don Juan. Canto iv. St. 11.*

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.

Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own :
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

Imitation of Horace. Book i. Ode 29. Line 65.

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Mac Flecknoe. Line 20.

The spectacles of books.

Essay on Dramatic Poetry.

Love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.*

Palamon and Arcite. Book ii.

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

The Cock and Fox. Line 452.

And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

Theodore and Honoria.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn ;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go ;
To make a third she joined the former two.

On Milton.

* Perjuria ridet amantium

Jupiter.

TIBULLUS. Lib. iii. El. 6. Line 49.

A Latin proverb translated by Shakspeare, Dryden, and others.

RICHARD BAXTER. 1615-1691.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

Love breathing Thanks and Praise.



JOHN BUNYAN. 1628-1688.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you
see.

Apology for his Book.

Some said, "John, print it," others said, "Not so,"
Some said, "It might do good," others said, "No."
Ibid.

The Slough of Despond. *Pilgrim's Progress.*



WILLIAM KING. 1663-1712.

And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.
Upon a Giant's Angling
Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.*
Orpheus and Eurydice. Line 134.

* And let us mind, faint heart ne'er won
A lady fair.
BURNS to Dr. Blacklock.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. 1647-1680.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on ;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.

And ever since the conquest have been fools.
Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.



EARL OF ROSCOMMON. 1634-1685.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

Essay on Translated Verse.



THOMAS OTWAY. 1651-1685.

O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man ; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you :
There 's in you all that we believe of heaven ;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved. Act i. Sc. 1

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
1649-1721.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

Essay on Poetry.

There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

Ibid.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor ;
Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Ibid.



NATHANIEL LEE. 1650-1692.

Then he will talk — good gods, how he will talk !

Alexander the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums.

Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 1.

'T is beauty calls and glory leads the way.

Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 2.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of
war.

Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 2.

DR. WALTER POPE. — 1714.

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears
away. *The Old Man's Wish.*

JOHN NORRIS. 1657-1711.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angel's visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.
The Parting.

TOM BROWN. — 1704.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.*

* Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

MARTIAL, Ep. 1. xxxiii.

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;
Je n'en saurois dire la cause,
Je sais seulement un chose;
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

ROGER DE BUSSY, *Comte de Rabutin*, Epistle 33, Book 1.

DANIEL DEFOE. 1661-1731.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
 The Devil always builds a chapel there ; *
 And 't will be found upon examination,
 The latter has the largest congregation.

The True-Born Englishman. Part i. Line 1.



RICHARD GIFFORD. 1725-1807.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound ;
 All at her work the village maiden sings,
 Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
 Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

Contemplation



MATTHEW PRIOR. 1664-1721.

Be to her virtues very kind ;
 Be to her faults a little blind. *An English Padlock.*

Be to her merits kind,
 And to her faults whate'er they are be blind.

Prologue to the Royal Mischief.

Abra was ready ere I called her name ;
 And though I called another, Abra came.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Part ii.

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
 And often took leave ; but was loth to depart.

The Thief and the Cordelier.

* See Proverbs, page 410.

Of two evils I have chose the least.*

Imitation of Horace

Here lies what once was Matthew Prior ; †

The son of Adam and of Eve :

Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ?

Epitaph on Himself.

Odds life ! must one swear to the truth of a song ?

A Better Answer.

That, if weak women went astray,

Their stars were more in fault than they.

Hans Carvel.

The end must justify the means.

Ibid.

And virtue is her own reward.

Ode in Imitation of Horace. B. iii. Od. 2.

That air and harmony of shape express,

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less. ‡

Henry and Emma.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim

At objects in an airy height ;

The little pleasure of the game

Is from afar to view the flight.

To the Hon. Charles Montague.

* Of two evils the less is always to be chosen. — THOMAS À KEMPIS. *Imitation of Christ.* Book iii. Ch. 12.

† The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior: —

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer.
 Descendit of Adam and Eve,
 Gif ony con gang hieher,
 Ise willing give him leve.

‡ Fine by defect and delicately weak. — POPE, p. 194.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672-1719.

CATO.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
 The great, the important day, big with the fate
 Of Cato, and of Rome. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Thy steady temper, Portius,
 Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
 In the calm lights of mild philosophy. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

'T is not in mortals to command success,
 But we 'll do more, Sempronius: we 'll deserve it.
Act i. Sc. 2

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

'T is pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
 I think the Romans call it stoicism. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Were you with these, my prince, you 'd soon
 forget

The pale, unripened beauties of the North.
Act i. Sc. 4.

The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex.
Act i. Sc. 4.

My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
Act ii. Sc. 1

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Act ii. Sc. 1

The woman that deliberates is lost.

Act iv. Sc. 1

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

It must be so. — Plato, thou reasonest well.

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality ?

Act v. Sc. 1.

'T is the divinity that stirs within us ;

'T is Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.

Act v. Sc. 1.

I'm weary of conjectures.

Act v. Sc. 1.

My death and life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me.

Act v. Sc. 1.

The soul secured in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

Act v. Sc. 1.

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Act v. Sc. 1.

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.*

The Campaign. Line 291.

* Frequently ascribed to Pope. *Dunciad.* Book iii. Line 264.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
 Poetic fields encompass me around.
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground.*

A Letter from Italy.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim. *Ode.*

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole. *Ibid.*

For ever singing, as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine. *Ibid.*



THOMAS SOUTHERNE. 1659-1746.

Pity's akin to love.† *Oroonoka. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

* Malone states that this was the first time the phrase *classic ground*, since so common, was ever used.

† *Viv.* I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night. Act iii. Sc. 1*

LOUIS THEOBALD. 1691-1744.

None but himself can be his parallel.*

The Double Falsehood



COLLEY CIBBER, 1671-1757.

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome,
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

Richard III. Altered. Act iii. Sc. 1.

I 've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes.
Now tho' thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from
me,

Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes ;
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Off with his head ! so much for Buckingham !

Act iv. Sc. 3.

With clink of hammers closing rivets up.†

Act v. Sc. 3

Richard's himself again !

Hark ! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.

Richard III. Act v. Sc. 3.

* Quæris Alcidaæ parem ?

Nemo est nisi ipse.

SENECA. *Hercules Furens.* Act i. Sc 1.

† Cf. Shakspeare, Henry V. Act iv. Chorus.

RICHARD TARLTON.

The King of France, with forty thousand men
Went up a hill, and so came down again.

From the Piggis Corantoe, 1642.

RICHARD SAVAGE. 1698-1743.

He lives to build, not boast a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

The Bastard. Line 7.

DR. GEORGE SEWELL. — 1726.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

The Suicide.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. Circa 1735 —.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But — why did you kick me down stairs?

'Tis Well its No Worse.

I care for nobody, no, not I,

If no one cares for me.*

Love in a Village. Act i. Sc. 3.

* If naebody care for me,

I'll care for naebody.

BURNS. *I hae a Wife o' my Ain.*

JONATHAN SWIFT. 1667-1745.

I've often wished that I had clear,
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end.

Imitation of Horace. B. ii. Sat. 6

So geographers, in Afric maps,*
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns.
 So, naturalists observe, a flea
 Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em.
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*. *Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

Gulliver's Travels.

* As geographers crowd into the edges of their maps, parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect, that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs.

PLUTARCH. *Theseus*

WILLIAM CONGREVE. 1669-1729.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

The Mourning Bride. Act i. Sc. 1.

By magic numbers and persuasive sound. *Ibid.*

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Ibid. Act iii. Sc. 8.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Ibid. Act v. Sc. 12.

If there 's delight in love, 't is when I see
That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.

The Way of the World. Act iii. Sc. 12

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of
thee, thou liar of the first magnitude.

Love for Love. Act ii. Sc. 5.



NICHOLAS ROWE. 1673-1718.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

The Fair Penitent. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario?

Ibid. Act v. Sc. 1.

ALEXANDER POPE. 1688-1744.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die,)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

Epistle i. Line 1.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.*

Epistle i. Line 13.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.

Epistle i. Line 77.

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

Epistle i. Line 83.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Epistle i. Line 87.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never is, but always to be blest.

* And justify the ways of God to men.

Paradise Lost, B. i. L. 26

The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

Epistle i. Line 95.

Far as the solar walk or milky way.

Epistle i. Line 102

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Epistle i. Line 111.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Epistle i. Line 123.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain. *Epistle i. Line 200.*

The spider's touch how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.*

Epistle i. Line 217

* Much like a subtle spider which doth sit,
 In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide ;
 If ought do touch the utmost thread of it
 She feels it instantly on every side.

SIR JOHN DAVIES, (1570-1626.) *Immortality of the Soul.*

Our souls sit close and silently within,
 And their own web from their own entrails spin ;
 And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
 That spider like, we feel the tenderest touch.

DRYDEN. *Marriage à la Mode.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

What thin partitions sense from thought divide.*

Epistle i. Line 226.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Epistle i. Line 267.

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.

Epistle i. Line 277.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good ;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Epistle i. Line 289.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.†

Epistle ii. Line 1.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;

* Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

DRYDEN, *ante*, p. 139.

“Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit.”
Seneca, *De Tranquillitate Animi*, xvii. 10, quotes this from
Aristotle, who gives as one of his *Problemata* (xxx. 1), *Διὰ*
τί πάντες ὄσοι περιττοὶ γεγόνασιν ἄνδρες ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν ἢ
πόλιτικὴν ἢ ποιήσιν ἢ τέχνας φαίνονται μελαγχολικοὶ ὄντες.

† From Charron (*de la Sagesse*): — “La vraie science et
le vrai étude de l'homme c'est l'homme.”

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.*

Epistle ii. Line 13.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.

Epistle ii. Line 63.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

Epistle ii. Line 107.

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

Epistle ii. Line 131.

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength.

Epistle ii. Line 135.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,†
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Epistle ii. Line 217.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.

Epistle ii. Line 231.

* Quelle chimère est-ce donc que l'homme ! quelle nouveauté, quel chaos, quel sujet de contradiction ! Juge de toutes choses, imbécile ver de terre, dépositaire du vrai, amas d'incertitude, gloire et rebut de l'univers. — PASCAL. *Systèmes des Philosophes*, xxv.

† For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

DRYDEN. *The Hind and Panther.*

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite ;
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Epistle ii. Line 275

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Speed the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

Epistle iii. Line 177.

The enormous faith of many made for one.

Epistle iii. Line 242.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administered is best :
 For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight ;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.*

Epistle iii. Line 303.

O happiness ! our being's end and aim !
 Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name :
 That something still which prompts th' eternal
 sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

Epistle iv. Line 1.

Order is Heaven's first law.

Epistle iv. Line 49.

* His faith perhaps, in some nice tenets, might
 Be wrong ; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

COWLEY. *On the Death of Crashaw*

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words — health, peace, and compe-
tence. *Epistle iv. Line 79.*

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.
Epistle iv. Line 168.

Honor and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Epistle iv. Line 193.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.
Epistle iv. Line 203.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Epistle iv. Line 215.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.*
Epistle iv. Line 247.

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas :
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
Epistle iv. Line 254.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind !

* Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

FLETCHER. *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*

Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!*

Epistle iv. Line 281

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
“Virtue alone is happiness below.”

Epistle iv. Line 309.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.†

Epistle iv. Line 331.

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.‡

Epistle iv. Line 379.

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

Epistle iv. Line 385.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.

Epistle iv. Line 390.

That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

Epistle iv. Line 397.

* May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damned to fame.

SAVAGE. *Character of Foster.*

Damned by the Muse to everlasting fame.

LLOYD. *Epistle to a Friend.*

† You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous inquirer, who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows Nature and Nature's God — that is, he follows God in his works and in his word.

BOLINGBROKE. *A Letter to Mr. Pope.*

‡ Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.

BOILEAU. *L'Art Poétique. Chant I^{er}.*

MORAL ESSAYS.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake.

Epistle i. Line 11.

Like following life through creatures you dissect
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Epistle i. Line 29.

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

Epistle i. Line 40.

'T is from high life high characters are drawn ;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

Epistle i. Line 135.

'T is education forms the common mind :
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Epistle i. Line 149.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.*

Epistle i. Line 173.

Odious ! in woollen ! 't would a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.

Epistle i. Line 246.

And you, brave Cobham ! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.

Epistle i. Line 262.

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Epistle ii. Line 15.

* *Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Epistle ii. Line 19.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.

Epistle ii. Line 43.

With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
With too much thinking to have common thought.

Epistle ii. Line 97.

To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

Epistle ii. Line 149.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.

Epistle ii. Line 163.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake.

Epistle ii. Line 215

See how the world its veterans rewards !
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards.

Epistle ii. Line 243.

Oh ! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

Epistle ii. Line 257.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.

Epistle ii. Line 261.

And mistress of herself, though china fall.

Epistle ii. Line 268.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

Epistle ii. Line 270

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

Epistle iii. Line 1

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.

Epistle iii. Line 39

But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.

Epistle iii. Line 95.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

Epistle iii. Line 153.

Extremes in nature equal good produce.

Epistle iii. Line 161.

Rise, honest muse! and sing the man of Ross.

Epistle iii. Line 250.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

Epistle iii. Line 285.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Epistle iv. Line 43.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.*

Epistle iv. Line 149.

* In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: — "In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place, which 't is not good manners to mention here." — TOM BROWN. *Laconics.*

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.*

Part i. Line 9

One science only will one genius fit ;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Part i. Line 60.

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

Part i. Line 153.

Pride, the never failing vice of fools.

Part ii. Line 4.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring : †
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Part ii. Line 15.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

Part ii. Line 32.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be. ‡

Part ii. Line 53.

* But as when an authentic watch is shown,
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
So in our very judgments, &c.

SUCKLING. *Epilogue to Aglaura.*

† A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but
depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

LORD BACON. *Essay on Atheism.*

‡ "High characters," cries one, and he would see
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.

SUCKLING. *Epilogue to The Goblins.*

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Part ii. Line 97.

Words are like leaves; and where they most
 abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Part ii. Line 109

Such labored nothings, in so strange a style.

Part ii. Line 126.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Part ii. Line 133.

These equal syllables alone require,

Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,

While expletives their feeble aid do join,

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

Part ii. Line 144.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,

That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.*

Part ii. Line 156.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,

As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

Part ii. Line 162.

The sound must seem an echo to the sense:

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,

* Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.

VIRGIL. *Georgics*, Lib. iii. 424.

And the smooth stream in smoother numbers
flows ;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent
roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
throw,

The line too labors, and the words move slow ;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
main. *Part ii. Line 165.*

For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
Part ii. Line 191.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow, proves the substance true.
Part ii. Line 266.

To err is human, to forgive divine.
Part ii. Line 325.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.
Part ii. Line 358.

And make each day a critic on the last.
Part iii. Line 12.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Part iii. Line 15.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.
Part iii. Line 53.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Part iii. Line 66.

Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Part iii. Line 89.

Content if hence the unlearned their wants may
view,

The learned reflect on what before they knew.*

Part iii. Line 179.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.

Canto i. Line 1.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

Canto i. Line 134.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Canto ii. Line 7.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.

Canto ii. Line 17.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.†

Canto ii. Line 27.

* "Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti."

This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's *Abrégé Chronologique*, and in the preface to the third edition of this work, Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of this couplet.

† She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

DRYDEN. *Persius, Satire i*

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Canto iii. Line 7.

At every word a reputation dies.

Canto iii. Line 16.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.

Canto iii. Line 21.

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

Canto iii. Line 117.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!

Canto iii. Line 153.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Canto v. Line 34.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Shut, shut the door, good John. *Line 1.*

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
Line 5.

E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.
Line 12

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.

Line 15.

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.

Line 27.

Obliged by hunger and request of friends.

Line 44.

Fired that the house rejects him, " 'sdeath I'll
print it,

And shame the fools."

Line 61

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Line 84

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain !

The creature 's at his dirty work again.

Line 91.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

Line 127

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms,

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there.

Line 169

And he whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,

It is not poetry, but prose run mad.

Line 187

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

Line 197

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

Line 201.

By flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause. *Line 207.*

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?
Line 213.

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe.
Line 283.

Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel,
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ? *Line 307.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Line 314.

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Line 333.

Me, let the tender office long engage
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death ;
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky.
Line 419.

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE.

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Book ii. Satire i. Line 6.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet.

Book ii. Satire i. Line 69

But touch me, and no minister so sore;
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

Book ii. Satire i. Line 76.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Book ii. Satire i. Line 127.

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.*

Book ii. Satire ii. Line 159.

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame. †

Book ii. Epistle i. Line 26.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.

Book ii. Epistle i. Line 108.

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.

Book ii. Epistle i. Line 111.

Who says in verse what others say in prose.

Book ii. Epistle i. Line 201.

* See the *Odyssey*, Book xv. line 84.

† Above any Greek or Roman name.

DRYDEN. *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings.*

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Book ii. Epistle i. Line 266.

The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Book ii. Epistle i. Line 280.

The many-headed monster of the pit.

Book ii. Epistle i. Line 304.

Years following years steal something every day ;
 At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Book ii. Epistle ii. Line 72.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.

Book ii. Epistle ii. Line 85.

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke.

Book ii. Epistle ii. Line 163.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !

They had no poet, and they died.

Book iv. Ode 9.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue i. Line 136

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
 God said, " Let Newton be ! " and all was light.

Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.

THE DUNCIAD.

O thou ! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver !
 Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair.

Book i. Line 21.

And solid pudding against empty praise.

Book i. Line 54

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.

Book i. Line 89.

Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.

Book i. Line 94

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll

In pleasing memory of all he stole.

Book i. Line 127.

How index-learning turns no student pale,

Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.

Book i. Line 279.

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

Book ii. Line 34.

All crowd, who foremost shall be damned to fame.

Book iii. Line 158.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous; * — answer him, ye owls.

Book iii. Line 165.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Book iv. Line 92.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

Book iv. Line 188.

Stuff the head

With all such reading as was never read ;

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,

And write about it, goddess, and about it.

Book iv. Line 249

* Making night hideous.

HAMLET. Act i. Sc. 4.

Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground.

Book iv. Line 311.

Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined.

Book iv. Line 318.

Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

Book iv. Line 342.

E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm.

Book iv. Line 614.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires,
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.

Book iv. Line 649.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's
aid,

Some banished lover, or some captive maid.

Line 51.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole. *Line 57.*

Curse on all laws but those which love has made,
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Line 74.

And love the offender yet detest the offence.

Line 192.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot !
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Line 207.

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight ;
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.*

Line 273.

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll ;
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.

Line 324.

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

Line last.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all ! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will. *Ibid.*

And deal damnation round the land. *Ibid.*

* Priests, tapers, temples, swam before my sight.

EDMUND SMITH. *Phædra and Hippolytus.*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me. *Ibid.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame.
The Dying Christian to his Soul

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away ! *Ibid.*

Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
Ibid.

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ? *Ibid.*

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die ;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie. *Ode on Solitude.*

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps and points to yonder glade ?

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 1.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
 By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned.
Ibid. Line 51

And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show.

Ibid. Line 57.

How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Ibid. Line 71.

Ye Gods ! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Ch. 11.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.* *Epitaph on Gay.*

The saint sustained it, but the woman died.

Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.

Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come ;
Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.†

Epigram.

* Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

DRYDEN. *Elegy on Mrs. Killebrew.*

† His wit invites you by his looks to come ;

But when you knock, it never is at home.

COWPER. *Conversation.*

I am his Highness's dog at Kew ;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?

On the Collar of a Dog.

Descend, ye Nine.

Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

'There take, (says Justice), take ye each a shell,
We thrive at Westminster on foals like you :
'T was a fat oyster — live in peace — adieu.

Verbatim from Boileau.

ODYSSEY.

Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.

Book ii. Line 315.

Far from gay cities and the ways of men.

Book xiv. Line 410.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.

Book xv. Line 79.

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.*

Book xv. Line 83.

This is the Jew
That Shakspeare drew.†

* Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

Book II. Satire ii. Line 160. Page 203.

† On the 14th February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice," and restored to the stage a play which had been forty years supplanted by Lord Lansdowne's "Jew of Venice."

THOMAS TICKELL. 1686-1740.

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

On the Death of Addison. Line 45

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.*

On the Death of Addison. Line 81.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

Colin and Lucy.



THOMAS PARNELL. 1679-1718.

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

The Hermit. Line 5.

Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed,

"This is the Jew
That Shakspeare drew."

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne.

Biog. Dram. vol. i. pt. ii. p. 469.

* To teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson! how to die.

BEILBY PORTEUS. *Death.*

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
 Let those who always loved, now love the more.*
The Pervigilium Veneris.

JOHN GAY. 1688-1732.

'T was when the sea was roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring
 All on a rock reclined.

The What D'ye Call 't. Act ii. Sc. 8.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er,
 The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.

Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 9.

O'er the hills and far away.

The Beggars' Opera. Act i. Sc. 1.

How happy could I be with either,
 Were t' other dear charmer away.

Ibid.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored.

Sweet William's Farewell to Blackeyed Susan.

FABLES.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil? †

The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

* Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus:—

Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
 Quique amavit, cras amet.

† The *midnight oil* was a common phrase; it is used by Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

When yet was ever found a mother
Who 'd give her booby for another ?

The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

While there is life there 's hope, he cried.*

The Sick Man and the Angel.

And when a lady 's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

The Hare and many Friends.

Life 's a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, and now I know it.

Epitaph on Himself.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

1690-1762.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide, —
In part she is to blame that has been tried ;
He comes too near, that comes to be denied. †

The Lady's Resolve.

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at
last. †

The Lover.

* Ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.

THEOCRITUS. Id. iv. Line 42.

† *The Lady's Resolve* was a fugitive piece, written on a window by Lady Montague, after her marriage (1713). The last lines were taken from Overbury:— *The Wife*, St. 36.

“ In part to blame is she

Which hath without consent been only tried ;

He comes too near that comes to be denied.”

‡ What say you to such a supper with such a woman ?

BYRON. *Note to Letter on Bowles.*

JOHN BYROM. 1691-1763.

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

*On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.**

As clear as a whistle.

The Astrologer

Bone and skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Epigram on Two Monopolists.



GEORGE FARQUHAR. 1678-1707.

Cos. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honor.

Kite. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware — ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

The Recruiting Officer. Act i. Sc. 1.

* "Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine." *Byrom's Remains* (Cheltenham Soc.) vol. i. p. 173. The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope. *Vide* Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope.

JANE BRERETON. 1685-1740.

The picture, placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength ;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly 's at full length.*

*On Beau Nash's Picture at full length, between the Busts of
Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.**



BISHOP BERKELEY. 1684-1753.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America:



HENRY CAREY. 1663-1743.

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king. *God save the King.†*

To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded.

Chrononhotonthologos. Act i. Sc. 3.

* This Epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield.

† The authorship both of the words and music of " God save the King " has long been a matter of dispute, and is still unsettled, though the weight of the evidence is in favor of Carey's claim.

EDWARD YOUNG. 1681-1765.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !

Night i. Line 1.

Creation sleeps. 'T is as the gen'ral pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause ;
 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.

Night i. Line 23.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
 But from its loss.

Night i. Line 55.

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour.

Night i. Line 67

To waft a feather or to drown a fly.

Night i. Line 154.

Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?

Thy shaft flew thrice : and thrice my peace was
 slain ;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her
 horn.

Night i. Line 212

Be wise to-day ; 't is madness to defer.*

Night i. Line 390.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Night i. Line 393.

* Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

CONGREVE. *Letter to Cobham.*

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.

Night i. Line 417

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Night i. Line 424.

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.

Night ii. Line 24.

And what its worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.

Night ii. Line 51.

Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :

Who does the best his circumstance allows,

Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

Night ii. Line 90.

“ I ’ve lost a day ” — the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.

Night ii. Line 99.

Ah ! how unjust to nature, and himself,

Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man.

Night ii. Line 112.

The spirit walks of every day deceased.

Night ii. Line 180.

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens.

Night ii. Line 292.

’T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,

And ask them, what report they bore to heaven.

Night ii. Line 376.

Thoughts shut up, want air,

And spoil like bales unopened to the sun.

Night ii. Line 466

How blessings brighten as they take their flight !

Night ii. Line 602.

The chamber where the good man meets his
fate,

Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.

Night ii. Line 633.

A death-bed 's a detector of the heart.

Night ii. Line 641.

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;

They love a train, they tread each other's heel.*

Night iii. Line 63.

Beautiful as sweet !

And young as beautiful ! and soft as young !

And gay as soft ! and innocent as gay !

Night iii. Line 81.

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;

And if in death still lovely, lovelier there ;

Far lovelier ! pity swells the tide of love.

Night iii. Line 104.

Heaven's sovereign saves all beings but himself,

That hideous sight, — a naked human heart.

Night iii. Line 226.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,

The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the

worm.

Night iv. Line 10.

* One woe doth tread upon another's heel, —

So fast they follow.

Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 7.

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, Aphorisms, No. 287.

Man makes a death, which Nature never made.*

Night iv. Line 15

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.

Night iv. Line 71.

Man wants but little, nor that little, long.†

Night iv. Line 118.

A God all mercy, is a God unjust.

Night iv. Line 233.

'T is impious in a good man to be sad.

Night iv. Line 676.

A christian is the highest style of man.‡

Night iv. Line 788.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

Night iv. Line 843.

By night an atheist half-believes a God.

Night v. Line 177.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,

She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.

Night v. Line 600

Like our shadows,

Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.

Night v. Line 661.

* And taught the sons of men
To make a death which Nature never made.

BELBY PORTEUS. *Death.*

† Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

GOLDSMITH. *The Hermit.*

‡ A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.

J. C. HARE. *Guesses at Truth.*

While man is growing, life is in decrease ;
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun.*

Night v. Line 717.

That life is long which answers life's great end.

Night v. Line 773.

The man of wisdom is the man of years.

Night v. Line 775.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.

Night v. Line 1011.

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on
 Alps,

And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Night vi. Line 309.

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids ;

Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

Night vi. Line 314.

And all may do, what has by man been done.

Night vi. Line 606.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

Night vii. Line 496.

Prayer ardent opens heaven. *Night viii. Line 721.*

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

Night viii. Line 793.

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.

Night viii. Line 1054.

* Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave. — BISHOP HALL'S *Epistles*, Dec. iii. Epist. ii.

Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.* *Night ix. Line 167*

An undevout astronomer is mad.

Night ix. Line 771.

The course of Nature is the art of God.†

Night ix. Line 1267.

LOVE OF FAME.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.

Satire i. Line 51.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

Satire i. Line 89.

None think the great unhappy but the great.‡

Satire i. Line 238.

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.§

Satire ii. Line 207.

Be wise with speed;

A fool at forty is a fool indeed. *Satire ii. Line 282.*

* Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate

Full on thy bloom. BURNS. *To a Mountain Daisy.*

† In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*, Sect. xvi.

‡ As if misfortune made the throne her seat,

And none could be unhappy but the great.

ROWE. *The Fair Penitent. Prologue.*

§ The germ of this thought is found in Jeremy Taylor: Lloyd, South, Butler, Young, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him; see page 400.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear ;
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year
 And trifles life. *Satire vi Line 208.*

One to destroy, is murder by the law ;
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
 To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
 War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
Satire vii. Line 55.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun.*
Satire vii. Line 97.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
 The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.
The Revenge. Act v. Sc. 1.

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
 With whom revenge is virtue.
Ibid. Act v. Sc. 2.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,
 See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.
Lines Written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.†

Time elaborately thrown away.
The Last Day. Book i.

In records that defy the tooth of time.
The Statesman's Creed.

* Imitated by Crabbe in the *Parish Register*, Part i., Introduction, and taken originally from *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii. Sect. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 2. "But to enlarge or illustrate this power or effects of love is to set a candle in the sun."

† From *Mitford's Life of Young*.

ISAAC WATTS. 1674-1748.

DIVINE SONGS.

A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice. *Song xii.*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature too. *Song xvi.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower. *Song xx.*

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do. *Ibid.*

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one ;
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
Glory to the Father and the Son.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber ;
Holy angels guard thy bed !
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
A Cradle Hymn.

"T is the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,

" You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
The Sluggard

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.*

Against Lying

Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound.

A Funeral Thought.

Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book ii. Hymn 19.

The mind 's the standard of the man.

Horæ Lyricæ. Book ii. False Greatness.



MATTHEW GREEN. 1696–1737.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

The Spleen. Line 93.



SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE. 1667–1722.

The real Simon Pure.

A Bold Stroke for a Wife. Act v. Sc. 1.

* Cf. Herbert. *The Church Porch.*

AARON HILL. 1685—1750.

First, then, a woman will, or won't, — depend
on't ;

If she will do't, she will ; and there's an end
on't.

But, if she won't, since safe and sound your
trust is,

Fear is affront : and jealousy injustice.*

Epilogue to Zara.

Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains ;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

Verses written on a Window in Scotland.

'T is the same with common natures :

Use 'em kindly, they rebel ;

But be rough as nutmeg-graters,

And the rogues obey you well. *Ibid.*



SIR SAMUEL TUKE. — 1673.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

Adventures of Five Hours. Act v. Sc. 3.

* The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on
the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury: —

Where is the man who has the power and skill

To stem the torrent of a woman's will ?

For if she will, she will, you may depend on't ;

And if she won't, she won't ; so there's an end on't.

JAMES THOMSON. 1700-1748.

THE SEASONS.

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come.
Spring. Line 1

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Line 283.

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers? *Line 465.*

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest. *Line 996.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot. *Line 1149.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
Line 1158.

The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews.
Summer. Line 47.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the east. *Line 81.*

Ships dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.
Line 946.

Sighed and looked unutterable things. *Line 1188.*

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs. *Line 1285*

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Line 1346.

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned, adorned the most.
Autumn. Line 204.

For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh.
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.
Line 233.

See Winter comes, to rule the varied year.
Winter. Line 1.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.
Line 393.

The kiss, snatched hasty from the side-long maid.
Line 625.

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. *Hymn. Line 1.*

Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade.
Line 25.

From seeming evil still educing good. *Line 114*

Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

Line 118.

Placed far amid the melancholy main.

Castle of Indolence. Canto i. Stanza 30.

A little round, fat, oily man of God.

Canto i. St. 69

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves ;

Britons never will be slaves. *Alfred. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove

An unrelenting foe to love ;

And, when we meet a mutual heart,

Come in between and bid us part ?

Song, "For ever Fortune."

O Sophonisba ! Sophonisba, O ! *

Sophonisba. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Whoe'er amidst the sons

Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,

Displays distinguished merit, is a noble

Of Nature's own creating. *Coriolanus. Act iii. Sc. 3.*



JOHN DYER. 1700-1758.

Ever charming, ever new,

When will the landscape tire the view ?

Grongar Hill. Line 108.

* The line was altered, after the second edition, to

"O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine."

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1702-1751.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
 And seize the pleasures of the present day ;
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
 And give to God each moment as it flies.
 Lord, in my views let both united be ;
 I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.

*Epigram on his Family Arms.**



ROBERT DODSLEY. 1703-1764.

One kind kiss before we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu ;
 Though we sever, my fond heart
 Till we meet shall pant for you.

The Parting Kiss.



JOHN BROWN. 1715-1765.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power : convinced
 That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
 That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,
 Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Barbarossa. Act v. Sc. 3

* From ORTIN'S *Life of Doddridge*.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709-1784.

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru. *Line 1.*

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail, —
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
Line 159.

He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Line 221.*

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe. *Line 257.*

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.
Line 308.

From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage
flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show.
Line 316.

Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate.
Line 346.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour ;
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short summer — man a flower —
He dies — alas ! how soon he dies.

Winter. An Ode.

LONDON.

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest. *Line 166*

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
~~Slow rises worth by poverty depressed~~ *Line 176.*

Each change of many-colored life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds and then imagined new.
Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.
 And panting Time toiled after him in vain. *Ibid.*

For we that live to please must please to live.
Ibid.

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find.
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.
Line added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of
 fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of
 hope; who expect that age will perform the prom-
 ises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the pres-
 ent day will be supplied by the morrow; attend
 to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas. Chap. i.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.*

From Dr. Madden's "Boulter's Monument." Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

Epitaph on Robert Levett.

Phillips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power or hapless love ;
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;
Sleep, undisturbed, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Epitaph on Claudius Phillips, the Musician.

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.†

Epitaph on Goldsmith.

* Words are women, deeds are men.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

Words are women, and deeds are men.

SIR THOMAS BODLEY. *Letter to his Librarian* 1604.

Words are for women; actions for men.

THOMAS FULLER. *Gnomologia.*

† Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

He adorns whatever he attempts.

FENELON. *Eulogy on Cicero*

Whatever subject he either speaks or writes upon, he adorns it with the most splendid eloquence.

CHESTERFIELD'S *Letters.* Vol. ii. p. 289.

Hell is paved with good intentions.*

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Ibid

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.†

Ibid.

Claret is the liquor for boys ; port for men ; but
he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.

Ibid.

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'T is a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Johnsoniana. Piozzi 30.

A good hater.

Ibid. Piozzi 39.



LORD LYTTELTON. 1709-1773.

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught
lyre

None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

Epigram.

* Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

† Parody on the line in Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*. First
edition.

“ Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.”

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel ;
 Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.

Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.

Alas ! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain ;
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain. *Song.*



EDWARD MOORE. 1712-1757.

Can't I another's face commend,
 And to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead lowers,
 As if *her* merit lessened *yours* ?

Fable ix. The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.

The maid who modestly conceals
 Her beauties while she hides, reveals ;
 Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

Fable x. The Spider and the Bee.

But from the hoop's bewitching round,
 Her very shoe has power to wound. *Ibid.*

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her
 youth. *The Happy Marriage.*

'T is now the summer of your youth : time has
 not cropt the roses from your cheek, though sor-
 row long has washed them.

The Gamester. Act iii. Sc. 4.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714-1763.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome at an inn.*

Written on the Window of an Inn.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

A Pastoral. Part i.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.

Ibid. Part ii.

For seldom shall she hear a tale
 So sad, so tender, and so true. *Jemmy Dawson.*

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblems right meet of decency does yield.

The Schoolmistress. St. 5.

Pun-provoking thyme.

Ibid. St. 11.

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellor in embryo. *Ibid. St. 28.*

* There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man,
 by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern
 or inn. — JOHNSON. *Boswell's Life*, (1766.)

Archbishop Leighton used often to say, that if he were to
 choose a place to die in, it should be an inn.

JOHN PHILIPS. 1676-1708.

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdued, (what will not time subdue !)
 A horrid chasm disclosed.

The Splendid Shilling. Line 121.



MARK AKENSIDE. 1721-1770.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
 And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

Epistle to Curio.



DAVID GARRICK. 1716-1779.

Their cause I plead, — plead it in heart and mind;
 A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.*

Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776, 10th June.

Let others hail the rising sun:
 I bow to that whose race is run.

On the Death of Mr. Pelham.

Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends
 cooks. *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

* I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling. — BURTON.
Anatomy of Melancholy; Democritus to the Reader.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*, Lib. i. 630.

THOMAS GRAY. 1716-1771.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!

They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

And moody madness laughing wild,
Amid severest woe.

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.

Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.*

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of
Love. *Part i. St. 3.*

Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.
Part iii. St. 1.

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night. *Part iii. St. 2.*

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.†
Part ii. St. 3.

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far — but far above the
Great. *Part iii. St. 3.*

* From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

PRIOR. *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*

He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow. — *Ecclesiastes* i. 18.

† Words that weep and tears that speak.

COWLEY. *The Prophet.*

THE BARD.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.*
Part i. St. 2.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.†
Part i. St. 3.

Give ample room, and verge enough,‡
The characters of Hell to trace. *Part ii. St. 1*

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.
Part ii. St. 2.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight.
Part iii. St. 1.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
Part iii. St. 3.

The still small voice of gratitude.
Ode to Music. Line 64.

* An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.
COWLEY. Davideis. Book ii. Line 102.

The imperial ensign, which full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 536.

† As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Julius Cæsar. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.
OTWAY. Venice Preserved. Act v

‡ I have a soul that like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
DRYDEN. Don Sebastian. Act i. Sc. 1

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll.*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.†

* Rich with the spoils of nature. — SIR THOMAS BROWNE.
Relig. Med. Part i. Sect. xiii.

† Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless
breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes, live their wonted fires.*

THE EPITAPH.

A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,

* Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :

He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)

The bosom of his Father and his God.

The meanest floweret of the vale,

The simplest note that swells the gale,

The common sun, the air, the skies,

To him are opening paradise.

Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune ;

He had not the method of making a fortune.

On his own Character.

A favorite has no friend.

On the Death of a Favorite Cat.

Rich windows that exclude the light,

And passages that lead to nothing.

A Long Story.

Now as the Paradaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

To Mr. West. 3d Series. Letter iv

WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720-1756.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed !

Ode in 1746.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Ibid.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung.

The Passions. Line 1.

Filled with fury, rapt, inspired. *Ibid. Line 10.*

'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

Ibid. Line 28.

In notes by distance made more sweet.

Ibid. Line 60.

In hollow murmurs died away.

Ibid. Line 68.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !

Ibid. Line 95

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Eclogue 1. Line 5

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.

To Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakspeare.

In yonder grave a Druid lies.

Ode on the Death of Thomson.

NATHANIEL COTTON. 1721-1788.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, — our home.

The Fireside. St. 3.

Thus hand in hand through life we 'll go ;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe

With cautious steps we 'll tread. *Ibid. St. 13.*

JOHN HOME. 1722-1808.

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords.

Douglas. Act i. Sc. 1.

My name is Norval ; on the Grampian hills
My father fed his flocks.

Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 1.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728-1774.

THE TRAVELLER.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow. *Line 1.*

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. *Line 7.*

And learn the luxury of doing good.* *Line 22.*

Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view. *Line 26.*

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country ever is at home. *Line 77.*

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
 The sports of children satisfy the child. *Line 153.*

But winter lingering chills the lap of May. *Line 172.*

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more. *Line 217.*

* For all their luxury was doing good.

GARTH. *Claremont*, Line 148.

He tried the luxury of doing good.

CRABBE. *Tales of the Hall*, Book iii.

Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

Line 251.

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land.

Line 282.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by.* *Line 327*

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms.

Line 356.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those that think must govern those that toil.

Line 372.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law. (

Line 386.

Forced from their homes, a melancholy train.

Line 409.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind.

Line 423.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made.

Line 13.

* Lord of human kind. — DRYDEN. *The Spanish Friar*,
 Act ii. Sc. 1.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
 A breath can make them as a breath has made ; *
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Line 51

And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. *Line 62.*

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labor with an age of ease. *Line 99.*

While resignation gently slopes the way, —
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Line 100.

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering
 wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

Line 121.

A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Line 141.

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were
 won.

Line 157.

* C'est un verre qui luit,
 Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.
 DE CAUX. (*Comparing the world to his hour-glass.*;

Who pants for glory finds but short repose;

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

POPE. *Horace*, Book ii. Epistle 1

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began. *Line 161.*

And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.
Line 164.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Line 170

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.
Line 179.

And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile. *Line 184.*

Eternal sunshine settles on its head. *Line 192.*

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Line 203.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
Line 211.

The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
Line 227

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Line 253

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Line 263.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

Line 329.

O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree.

Line 385.

That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.

Line 414.

RETALIATION.

Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
mirth.

Line 24.

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for man-
kind.

Line 31.

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit.

Line 37.

His conduct still right with his argument wrong.

Line 46

A flattering painter who made it his care,
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

Line 63

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.

Line 94.

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.

Line 96.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle
them back.

Line 107.

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.*

Chap. viii. The Hermit.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

Ibid.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And cur of low degree.

Chap. xvii. Elegy on a Mad Dog.

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Ibid.

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

Ibid.

* Cf. YOUNG, page 220.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is — to die.

Chapter xxiv.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.*

The Good-natured Man. Act ii.

A concatenation accordingly.

She Stoops to Conquer. Act i. Sc. 2.

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.

Ibid. Act iii.

But there's no love lost between us.†

Ibid. Act iv.

The king himself has followed her

When she has walked before.

Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize. ‡

* Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures*; a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honorable engagement. — BURKE. *Present Discontents.*

† A proverbial expression; Garrick also makes use of it in his correspondence, 1759.

‡ Written in imitation of *Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse*, which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye.

“ On dit que dans ses amours
 Il fut caressé des belles,
 Qui le suivirent toujours,
 Tant qu'il marcha devant elles.”

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt ;
 It 's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a
 shirt.* *The Haunch of Venison.*



TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721-1771.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share ;
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Ode to Independence.

Facts are stubborn things.
Translation of Gil Blas. Book x. Ch. 1.

Plain as a pikestaff. *Ibid. Book xii. Ch. 8.*



THOMAS PERCY. 1728-1811.

RELIQUES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

He that wold not when he might,
 He shall not when he wolda.
The Baffled Knight.

* If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back.—TOM BROWN.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
 Thy sorrow is in vain ;
 For violets plucked the sweetest showers
 Will ne'er make grow again.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

We 'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble we 'll be good.* *Winefreda.*

And when with envy time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You 'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I 'll go wooing in my boys. *Ibid.*

My mind to me a kingdom is ; †
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
 That God and Nature hath assigned.
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

From Byrd's Psalmes, Sonnets, &c., 1588.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin
 Might have seen a full fayre sight.

Guy of Gisborne.

* Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'T is only noble to be good.

TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

† Mens regnum bona possidet.

SENECA. *Thyestes*, Act ii. Line 380.

My mind to me an empire is
 While grace affordeth health.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL. 1560-1595.

BEILBY PORTEUS. 1731-1808.

In sober state,

Through the sequestered vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.* *Death. Line 108*

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.†
Ibid. Line 154.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
Ibid. Line 178.

Thou,
Whom soft-eyed pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson, how to die.‡
Ibid. Line 316.



JAMES BEATTIE. 1735-1803.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
afar? *The Minstrel. Book i. St. 1*

* Cf. GRAY, p. 242.

† Cf. YOUNG, p. 223.

‡ There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

TICKELL *on the Death of Addison*

WILLIAM COWPER. 1731-1800.

THE TASK.

United yet divided, twain at once.

So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.*

Book i. The Sofa.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds

Exhilarate the spirit, and restore

The tone of languid Nature.

Ibid.

The earth was made so various, that the mind

Of desultory man, studious of change,

And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.

Ibid.

God made the country, and man made the town.†

Ibid.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,

Some boundless contiguity of shade,

Where rumor of oppression and deceit,

Of unsuccessful or successful war,

Might never reach me more.‡

Book ii. The Timepiece.

Mountains interposed

Make enemies of nations, who had else,

Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

Ibid.

* *Two Kings of Brentford*, from Buckingham's play of the *Rehearsal*.

† Cf. COWLEY, page 137.

‡ Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of way-faring men.—*Jeremiah ix. 2.*

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.

Book ii. The Timepiece

Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
 They touch our country and their shackles fall.*

Ibid.

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
 My country.†

Ibid.

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause.

Ibid.

To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
 Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.

Ibid.

Praise enough

To fill the ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue.

Ibid.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
 Which only poets know.

Ibid

* Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliae fines penetraverint eodem momento liberi sunt. — BODINUS. Liber i. c. 5.

† Be England what she will,

With all her faults she is my country still.

CHURCHILL. *The Farewell*

Reading what they never wrote

Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

Book ii. The Timepiece.

Who'er was edified, themselves were not. *Ibid.*

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor. *Ibid.*

She that asks

Her dear five hundred friends. *Ibid.*

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!

Book iii. The Garden.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust. *Ibid.*

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.* *Ibid.*

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too! *Ibid.*

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too. *Ibid.*

* "He has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again." — *Memoirs of Sydney Smith.*

I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Book iv. Winter Evening

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,*
So let us welcome peaceful evening in. *Ibid.*

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

Ibid.

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. *Ibid.*

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. *Ibid.*

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.

Ibid.

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose. *Ibid*

* [Tar-water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate. — BISHOP BERKELEY. *Siris*, par. 217.

The Frenchman's darling.*

Book iv. Winter Evening.

But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

Book v. Winter Morning Walk.

The beggarly last doit.

Ibid.

With filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"

Ibid.

As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy. *Ibid.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.

Ibid.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave ;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet.

Book vi. Winter Walk at Noon.

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

Ibid.

* 'T was Cowper who gave this now common name to the Mignonette.

The solemn fop significant and budge ;
A fool with judges, among fools a judge.*

Conversation

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.† *Ibid.*

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns. *Ibid.*

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

Table Talk.

No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

Ibid.

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.

Truth.

* If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the
best king of good fellows. *King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2.*

This man I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find
he is only a wit among lords. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

POPE. *Dunciad.* Book iv, Line 92.

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one
could claim with better right to be a sovereign among sol-
diers.

WALTER SCOTT. *Life of Napoleon.*

He (Steele) was a rake among scholars, and a scholar
among rakes.

MACAULAY. *Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a
man of letters amongst men of the world.

MACAULAY. *Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

† Cf. POPE, page 209.

How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

The Progress of Error

Toll for the brave !

The brave that are no more !

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore.

On the Loss of the Royal George

Misses ! the tale that I relate

This lesson seems to carry,

Choose not alone a proper mate

But proper time to marry.

Pairing Time Anticipated.

A kick, that scarce would move a horse,

May kill a sound divine. *The Yearly Distress.*

That though on pleasure she was bent,

She had a frugal mind.

History of John Gilpin.

A hat not much the worse for wear.

Ibid.

Now let us sing, long live the King,

And Gilpin long live he ;

And when he next doth ride abroad

May I be there to see.

Ibid.

O that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

The son of parents passed into the skies.

Ibid

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !

How sweet their memory still !

But they have left an aching void,

The world can never fill. *Walking with God.*

God moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform :

He plants his footsteps in the sea,

And rides upon the storm.

Light Shining out of Darkness.

I am monarch of all I survey,

My right there is none to dispute.

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.

O Solitude ! where are the charms

That sages have seen in thy face ? *Ibid.*

But the sound of the church-going bell

Those valleys and rocks never heard,

Never sighed at the sound of a knell,

Or smiled when a sabbath appeared. *Ibid.*

How fleet is a glance of the mind !

Compared with the speed of its flight,

The tempest itself lags behind,

And the swift-winged arrows of light. *Ibid.*

There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark !

And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk !

On observing some Names of little note.

'T is Providence alone secures
 In every change both mine and yours.
A Fable. (Moral.)

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
 And proves by thumps upon your back
 His sense of your great merit,*
 Is such a friend that one had need
 Be very much his friend indeed
 To pardon or to bear it. *Friendship.*

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
 Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
The Needless Alarm. (Moral.)

He sees that this great roundabout,
 The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physic, law,
 Its customs and its businesses,
 Is no concern at all of his,
 And says — what says he? — Caw.
The Jackdaw.

For 't is a truth well known to most,
 That whatsoever thing is lost,
 We seek it, ere it come to light,
 In every cranny but the right. *The Retired Cat*

MRS. THRALE. 1740-1822.

The tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'T was therefore said, by ancient sages,

* Altered to, "How he esteems your merit."

That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

Three Warnings.

MRS. GREVILLE.* 17—17—.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
 Which, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But, turning, trembles too.

A Prayer for Indifference.

W. J. MICKLE. 1734-1788.

His very foot has music in 't
 As he comes up the stairs.

The Mariner's Wife.

DR. WOLCOT. 1738-1819.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
 And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

Expostulatory Odes. Ode xv.

A fellow in a market town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down.

Farewell Odes. Ode iii.

* The pretty Fanny Macartney. — WALPOLE'S *Memoirs*

JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735-1779.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
 Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain ;
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew ;
 The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,
 The child of misery, baptized in tears.*

The Country Justice. Part i



MRS. BARBAULD. 1743-1825.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
 And souls are ripened in our northern sky.

The Invitation.

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought
 And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.†

A Summer's Evening Meditation.

* "This allusion to the dead soldier, and his widow, on the field of battle, was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned, that the only time he saw Burns, this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found."

† Often ascribed to Young.

HANNAH MORE. 1745–1833.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
 And those who know thee, know all words are
 faint! *Sensibility.*

In men this blunder still you find,
 All think their little set mankind. *The Bas Bleu.*

Small habits well pursued betimes,
 May reach the dignity of crimes. *Ibid.*



SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746–1794.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung.
A Persian Song of Hafiz.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
 So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
 Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee
 weep. *From the Persian.*

What constitutes a state? *Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*

Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.
Ibid.

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate,
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill. *Ibid.*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
 Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.* *Ibid.*



CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS. — 1832.

Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
 Solid men of Boston, drink no deep potations.
Billy Pitt and the Farmer.



JOHN TRUMBULL. 1750-1831.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
 To see what is not to be seen.
McFingal. Canto i. Line 67.

But as some muskets so contrive it,
 As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
 And though well aimed at duck or plover,
 Bear wide, and kick their owners over.
Ibid. Canto i. Line 93.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
 With good opinion of the law.
Ibid. Canto iii. Line 489

* Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
 Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
Translation of lines quoted by SIR EDWARD COKE.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. 1751-1816.

A progeny of learning. *The Rivals. Act i. Sc. 2.*

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you? *Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 2*

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. *Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 3*

My valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 3.*

I own the soft impeachment. *Ibid. Act v. Sc. 3.*

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.*
The Critic. Act i. Sc. 1.

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth I hope.
Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 1.

* Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.

CHURCHILL. *The Apology.* Line 233.

Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful. *The Critic. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

You shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

School for Scandal. Act i. Sc. 1.

I leave my character behind me. *Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;

Here 's to the widow of fifty ;

Here 's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,

And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty.

Let the toast pass ;

Drink to the lass ;

I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Ibid. Act iii. Sc. 3.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.

Ibid. Act iv. Sc. 1.

I ne'er could any lustre see

In eyes that would not look on me ;

I ne'er saw nectar on a lip

But where my own did hope to sip.

The Duenna. Act i. Sc. 2.

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry, than it has with politics.

Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 4.

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to

his memory for his jests and to his imagination
for his facts.* *Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas.†*

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing 's curst hard reading.
Clio's Protest. †

GEORGE CRABBE. 1754–1832.

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain,
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering taper to the sun.
The Parish Register. Part I

In this fool's paradise he drank delight. §
The Borough. Letter XII. Players.

Books cannot always please, however good ;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
Ibid. Letter XXIV. Schools.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay ;
Be there a will, — and wisdom finds a way.
The Birth of Flattery.

JAMES MERRICK. 1720–1766.

Not what we wish, but what we want. *Hymn.*

* On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire. — LE SAGE. *Gil Blas*. Livre iii. Ch. xi.

† From *Sheridaniana*.

‡ MOORE'S *Life of Sheridan*. Vol. i. p. 155.

§ Cf. MILTON. *Paradise Lost*. Book iii. Line 496.

ROBERT BURNS. 1759-1796.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

Tam O'Shanter

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither —
 They had been fou for weeks thegither. *Ibid*

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious. *Ibid*

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,
 A moment white, then melts for ever. *Ibid*

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone. *Ibid*

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn. *Ibid.*

As Tammie gloured, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious. *Ibid.*

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. *Ibid.*

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss.

A Winter's Night.

Then gently scan your brother man
 Still gentler, sister woman ;
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human.

Address to the Unco Guid.

What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted. *Ibid.*

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it ;
 A chiel's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
 To see oursels as others see us !
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion. *To a Louse.*

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gley ;
 And leave us naught but grief and pain
 For promised joy. *To a Mouse.*

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.
Epistle to a Young Friend.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your honor grip,
 Let that aye be your border. *Ibid*

An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended! *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

And may you better reck the *rede*,
 Than ever did th' adviser! *Ibid.*

In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
 And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep.*
Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
 Cold — pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,
 To joy and play.
Epistle to James Smith.

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar
 Shewed him the gentleman and scholar.
The Twa Dogs.

O life! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I! *Despondency.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'?

* Durance vile. — W. KENRICK (1766).

Falstaff's Wedding. Act i. Sc. 2.

It will not be amiss to take a view of the effects of this royal servitude and vile durance, which was so deplored in the reign of the last monarch. — BURKE,

On the Present Discontent

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne? *Auld Lang Syne.*

Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,
 By passion driven;
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from heaven. *The Vision.*

And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away. *Ibid.*

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
 See the front o' battle lour. *Bannockburn.*

Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die. *Ibid.*

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O!*
Green grow the Rashes.

Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.
Man was made to Mourn

Some wee short hour ayont the twal.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.

* Man was made when Nature was
 But an apprentice, but woman when she
 Was a skilful mistress of her art.
Cupid's Whirligig. 1607.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.*

Is there for Honest Poverty

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that. *Ibid.*

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.

Song. Ae Fopd Kiss.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Ibid.

O, my love 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June,
O, my love 's like the melodie,
That 's sweetly played in tune.

Song. A Red, Red Rose.

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the even-
ing gale. *Ibid.*

He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn
air. *Ibid*

* I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better. — WYCHERLEY.

The Plaindealer. Act i. Sc. 1.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

1762-1836.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

Broad Grins. Epilogue to the Heir at Law.

And what 's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.

The Maid of the Moor.

Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great lord's stories often are.

Ibid.

But when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed.

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

When taken,
To be well shaken.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one. *Ibid*

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.

The Poor Gentleman. Act i. Sc. 2.

O Miss Bailey,
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!

Love Laughs at Locksmiths. Act ii. Song.



JOHN LOGAN. 1748-1788.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,

No winter in thy year. *To the Cuckoo*

JOHN DICKINSON. 1732-1808.

Then join in hand, brave Americans all;
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

The Liberty Song. (1768)

THOMAS MOSS. — 1808.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your
store.

The Beggar.

JAMES TOWNLEY. 1778.

Kitty. Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it?
No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come. *High Life below Stairs. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

From humble Port to imperial Tokay. *Ibid*

DAVID MALLET. 1700-1765.

While tumbling down the turbid stream,
Lord love us, how we apples swim.

Tyburn

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES. 1763-1837.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.*

Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott

THOMAS MORTON. 1766-1838.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?

Speed the Plough. Act i. Sc. 1.

Push on — keep moving.

A Cure for the Heartache. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise
indeed.

Ibid. Act v. Sc. 2.

GEORGE CANNING. 1770-1827.

Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!

The Friend of Humanity and the Needy Knife-Grinder:

From the Poetry of the Anti-jacobin.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d——d first.

Ibid.

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can
send,

Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend!

The New Morality. From the Poetry of the Anti-jacobin.

* But of the deed the glory shall remain. — GRIMOALDE.
(Circa 1520-1563). *Musonius the Philosopher's Saying.*

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby dilly carrying three insides.*

*The Loves of the Triangles. Line 178
From the Poetry of the Anti-jacobin.*



JOSEPH HOPKINSON. 1770-1842.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and died in freedom's cause.

Hail Columbia.



DAVID EVERETT. 1769-1813.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

Lines written for a School Declamation.

* These lines are ascribed to John Hookam Frere in *Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, vol. 2, p. 325.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770-1850.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted
food. *Guilt and Sorrow. Stanza 41*

The Child is father of the Man.*

My Heart Leaps Up

The sweetest thing that ever grew

Beside a human door. *Lucy Gray. Stanza 2.*

A simple Child,

That lightly draws its breath,

And feels its life in every limb,

What should it know of death? *We are Seven.*

Drink, pretty creature, drink.

The Pet Lamb.

Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,

Or reap an acre of his neighbor's corn.

The Brothers.

Sweet childish days, that were as long

As twenty days are now.

To a Butterfly.

A noticeable man, with large gray eyes.

Stanzas written in Thomson

And he is oft the wisest man,

Who is not wise at all.

The Oak and the Broom.

* The childhood shows the man

As morning shows the day. — MILTON.

Paradise Regained. Book iv. Line 220.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love. *Lucy!*

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye!
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky. *Ibid.*

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and oh!
 The difference to me! *Ibid.*

Minds that have nothing to confer
 Find little to perceive.
Poems founded on the Affections. xvi.

The bane of all that dread the devil.
The Idiot Boy.

Something between a hinderance and a help.
Michael.

But He is risen, a later star of dawn.
A Morning Exercise.

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark.
Ibid.

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again.
The Solitary Reaper

The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more. *Ibid.*

Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Rob Roy's Grave. Stanza 9.

The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow! *Yarrow Unvisited.*

Men are we, and must grieve when even the
Shade

Of that which once was great is passed away.

Sonnets to National Independence and Liberty. Part i. vi.

Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee, — air, earth, and
skies ;

There 's not a breathing of the common wind,
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Ibid. Part i. viii.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart.

Ibid. Part i. xiv.

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness.

Ibid.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

Part i. xvi

One of those heavenly days that cannot die.

Nutting.

But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful Dawn.

She was a Phantom of Delight

A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. *Ibid.*

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command. *Ibid.*

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted. *To the Daisy.*

Thou unassuming Commonplace
Of Nature. *To the same Flower.*

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude. *I Wandered Lonely.*

A Youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven. *Ruth.*

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain-side.

Resolution and Independence. Stanza 7

“ A jolly place,” said he, “ in times of old !
But something ails it now : the spot is cursed.”

Hart Leap Well. Part ii

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

Hart Leap Well. Part ii.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride,

With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels. *Ibid.*

Sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.

Tintern Abbey.

That best portion of a good man's life,

His little, nameless, unremembered acts

Of kindness and of love.

Ibid.

That blessed mood,

In which the burden of the mystery,

In which the heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world,

Is lightened.

Ibid.

The fretful stir

Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,

Have hung upon the beatings of my heart. *Ibid*

The sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,

Their colors and their forms, were then to me

An appetite ; a feeling and a love,

That had no need of a remoter charm

By thoughts supplied, nor any interest

Unborrowed from the eye.

Ibid

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity. *Tintern Abbey.*

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. *Ibid.*

Nor greetings where no kindness is. *Ibid.*

Like — but oh ! how different.
 Poems of the Imagination. xxix.

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.
 To a Sky Lark. xxx.

Show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made.
 To a Young Lady. xxxvi.

But an old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave. *Ibid.*

There 's something in a flying horse,
There 's something in a huge balloon.
 Peter Bell. Prologue. Stanza 1.

The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me, — her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears. *Ibid. Stanza 27*

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more. *Part i. Stanza 12.*

The soft blue sky did never melt
 Into his heart ; he never felt
 The witchery of the soft blue sky !

Part i. Stanza 15.

As if the man had fixed his face,
 In many a solitary place,
 Against the wind and open sky !

Part i. Stanza 26.

The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration.

Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxx.

The world is too much with us ; late and soon
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

Part i. xxxiii.

Great God ! I'd rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Ibid.

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
 Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Part i. xxxv.

No'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good
men,

Dropped from an Angel's wing.*

Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part iii. Walton's Lives.

Meek Walton's heavenly memory. *Ibid.*

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you 'll grow double :

Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks ;

Why all this toil and trouble ? *The Tables Turned.*

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Ibid.

A remnant of uneasy light.

The Matron of Jedborough.

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows,
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth.

Sky Prospect. From the Plains of France.

* The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing
Made of a quill from an angel's wing.

HENRY CONSTABLE. *Sonnet*

Whose noble praise

Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.

DOROTHY BERRY. *Sonnet*

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave.

A Poet's Epitaph. Stanza 5.

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own. *Ibid. Stanza 10.*

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.
Ibid. Stanza 13.

Maidens withering on the stalk.
Personal Talk. Stanza 1.

Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books we
know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good ;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and
blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
Ibid. Stanza 3.

The gentle Lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.
Ibid. Stanza 3

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
Ibid. Stanza 4

To be a Prodigal's Favorite, — then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner, — behold our lot !
The Small Celandine. From Poems referring to Old Age

Often have I sighed to measure
 By myself a lonely pleasure,
 Sighed to think I read a book,
 Only read, perhaps, by me.

To the Small Celandine. From Poems of the Fancy

The light that never was, on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

*Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle
 in a Storm. Stanza 4.*

But hushed be every thought that springs
 From out the bitterness of things.

Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces. xiii.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

Intimations of Immortality. Stanza 5.

But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy ! *Ibid.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Stanza 11.

THE EXCURSION.

The vision and the faculty divine. *Book i.*

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise. *Ibid.*

The good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket. *Ibid*

This dull product of a scoffer's pen. *Book ii*

With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bore stars. *Ibid*

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged. *Book iii*

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock aerial. *Ibid*

The intellectual power through words and things
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way! * *Ibid*

Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children. *Ibid*

There is a luxury in self-dispraise ;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast. *Book iv.*

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea. *Ibid.*

* Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way.

One in whom persuasion and belief
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become
 A passionate intuition. *Ibid.*

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."*
Book vi.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.† *Ibid.*

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
 And confident to-morrows. *Book vii.*

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
 The charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless,
 Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers.
Book ix.

By happy chance we saw
 A twofold image; on a grassy bank
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
 Another and the same.‡ *Ibid.*

O for a single hour of that Dundee
 Who on that day the word of onset gave.
Sonnet. In the Pass of Killiecrankie

* An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches
 in flat countries with spire-steeple, which, as they cannot be
 referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the
 sky and stars. — COLERIDGE. *The Friend*, No. 14.

† Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse.

MILTON. *L'Allegro*

‡ Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame
 And soars and shines another and the same.

DARWIN. *The Botanic Garden*

As thou these ashes, little Brook ! wilt bear
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
 How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dis-
 persed.* *To Wickliffe.*

Another morn

Risen on mid-noon.†

The Prelude. Book vi.

* In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance, (1415.) the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burnt to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighboring brook running hard by, and "thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." — FULLER. *Church History. Sec. ii. B. 4, Par. 53.*

Fox says: "What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what Democritus would not weep. . . . For though they digged up his body, burnt his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn." *Book of Martyrs.*

"Some prophet of that day said,

'The Avon to the Severn rung,

The Severn to the sea ;

And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,

Wide as the waters be.'"

From *Address before the "Sons of New Hampskire,"* by Daniel Webster, 1849.

These lines are similarly quoted by the Rev. John Cumming in the *Voices of the Dead.*

† Verbatim from *Paradise Lost*, Book v, Line 310.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!

France. The Prelude.

And listens like a three year's child.

*Lines added to the Ancient Mariner.**



ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774-1843.

How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night! *Thalaba.*

They sin who tell us love can die.

With life all other passions fly,

All others are but vanity.

The Curse of Kehama. Canto x.

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 't is the happy that have called thee so.

Ibid. Canto xv

The Satanic school.

From the Original Preface to the Vision of Judgment.

* Wordsworth in his notes to *We are Seven*, claims to have written this line with some others in the *Ancient Mariner*.

“ But what good came of it at last ? ”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“ Why that I cannot tell.” said he ;

“ But ’t was a famous victory.”

The Battle of Blenheim

Where Washington hath left

His awful memory

A light for after-times !

Ode written during the war with America, 1814.

My days among the Dead are passed ;

Around me I behold,

Where’er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old ;

My never-failing friends are they,

With whom I converse day by day.

Occasional Pieces xviii.



CHARLES LAMB. 1775-1834.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone. the old familiar faces. •

Old Familiar Faces.

Books which are no books.

Detached Thoughts on Books.

Who first invented work and bound the free,
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down. *Work.*

To that dry drudgery at the desk’s dead wood.

Ibid.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772-1834.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. *Part ii.*

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. *Ibid.*

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. *Ibid.*

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea. *Part iv.*

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June. *Part v.*

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast. *Part vii.*

•
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small. *Ibid.*

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. *Ibid.*

CHRISTABEL.

And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

Part i.

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.

Part ii.

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
 (Portentous sight !) the owlet Atheism,
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
 Drops his blue fringed lids, and holds them close,
 And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
 Cries out, " Where is it ?" *Fears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin,
 Is pride that apes humility. *The Devil's Thoughts.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limit-
 less billows,
 Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky
 and the ocean.

The Homeric Hexameter. Translated from Schiller.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery
column ;

In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

The Ovidian Elegiac Metre.

Blest hour ! it was a luxury — to be !

Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star

In his steep course ? *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. *Ibid.*

Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts ! *Ibid.*

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Ibid.

A mother is a mother still,

The holiest thing alive. *The Three Graves.*

Never, believe me,

Appear the Immortals,

Never alone. *The Visit of the Gods.**

The Knight's bones are dust,

And his good sword rust ;

His soul is with the saints, I trust.

The Knight's Tomb.

To know, to esteem, to love — and then to part,

Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart !

On Taking Leave of —, 1817.

* Imitated from SCHILLER.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care ;
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there.

Epitaph on an Infant.

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud,
 We in ourselves rejoice !
 And thence flows all that charms, or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colors a suffusion from that light.

Dejection. An Ode. Stanza 5.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man ? three treasures, love and
 light,
 And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath ;
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and
 night,
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death. *Reproof.*

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.

A Christmas Carol. viii.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;
 But tell me, nymphs ! what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ? *Cologne*

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,

That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and watery depths; all these have
 vanished;

They live no longer in the faith of reason.

Wallenstein. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 4.

Clothing the palpable and familiar
 With golden exhalations of the dawn.

The Death of Wallenstein. Act i. Sc. 1.

Often do the spirits
 Of great events stride on before the events,
 And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

Ibid. Act v. Sc. 1.

I have heard of reasons manifold
 Why love must needs be blind,
 But this the best of all I hold —
 His eyes are in his mind.

To a Lady. Offended by a Sportive Observation.

What outward form and feature are
 He guesseth but in part;
 But what within is good and fair
 He seeth with the heart.

Ibid.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut.

A Day-Dream.

Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee,

Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea

Fancy in Nubibus.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771-1854.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).*

The Wanderer of Switzerland. Part v

Friend after friend departs, —

Who hath not lost a friend ?

There is no union here of hearts,

That finds not here an end. *Friends.*

Once, in the flight of ages past,

There lived a man. *The Common Lot.*

'T is not the whole of life to live :

Nor all of death to die.

The Issues of Life and Death.

If God hath made this world so fair,

Where sin and death abound,

How beautiful beyond compare

Will paradise be found.

The Earth full of God's Goodness

Here in the body pent ;

Absent from Him I roam.

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home.

At home in Heaven

* *Θνησκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοίς.* — CALLIM. Ep. x.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777-1844.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Part i. Line 7.

O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save.

Ibid. Line 359.

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd — as Kosciusko fell!

Ibid. Line 381.

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.

Ibid. Line 385.

And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

Ibid. Line 472.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

Part ii. Line 5.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O what were man? — a world without a sun.

Ibid. Line 21.

The world was sad, — the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sighed — till Woman smil'd.

Ibid. Line 37.

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.

Ibid. Line 45.

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye.

Ibid. Line 98.

There shall be love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears.

Part ii. Line 95.

That gems the starry girdle of the year.

Ibid. Line 194.

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!

Ibid. Line 263.

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
'To waft us home the message of despair?

Ibid. Line 325.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave — oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.*

Ibid. Line 375.

In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young.

The Soldier's Dream.

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Ibid.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!

Hohenlinden.

To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Hallowed Ground.

* Cf. NORRIS, page 176, and BLAIR, page 216.

The hunter and the deer a shade.*

O' Conner's Child. Stanza iv.

Another's sword has laid him low,

Another's and another's ;

And every hand that dealt the blow,

Ah me ! it was a brother's !

Ibid. Stanza 10.

I.

Ye mariners of England !

That guard our native seas :

Whose flag has braved, a thousand years

The battle and the breeze.

Ye Mariners of England.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,

No towers along the steep ;

Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,

Her home is on the deep.

Ibid.

IV.

The meteor flag of England,

Shall yet terrific burn ;

Till danger's troubled night depart,

And the star of peace return.

Ibid

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,

When storms prepare to part ;

I ask not proud Philosophy

To teach me what thou art. *To the Rainbow.*

* Verbatim from FRENEAU'S *Indian Burying-Ground*.

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.*

Lochiel's Warning.

With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe.
Ibid.

A stoic of the woods, — a man without a tear.

Gertrude. Part i. Stanza 23.

O love! in such a wilderness as this.

Ibid. Part iii. Stanza 1.

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below.

Ibid. Part iii. Stanza 5.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight re-
pairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

The Exile of Erin.



HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. 1772-1834.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime, —
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time,†
That only treads on flowers.

Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.

* Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present. — SHELLEY. *A Defence of Poetry.*

† Noiseless foot of time.

All's Well that Ends Well. Act v. Sc. 3.

WALTER SCOTT. 1771-1832.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight. *Canto ii. Stanza 1.*

I was not always a man of woe. *Canto ii. Stanza 12.*

I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
I say the tale as 't was said to me.

Canto ii. Stanza 22.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Canto iii. Stanza 1.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

Canto iii. Stanza 24.

Along thy wild and willowed shore.

Canto iv. Stanza 1.

Ne'er

Was flattery lost on Poet's ear :

A simple race ! they waste their toil

For the vain tribute of a smile. *Canto iv. Stanza 35.*

Call it not vain ; — they do not err,
 Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies. *Canto v. Stanza 1.*

True love 's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven :
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
 It liveth not in fierce desire,
 With dead desire it doth not die ;
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
 In body and in soul can bind. *Canto v. Stanza 13.*

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
Canto vi. Stanza 1.

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored and unsung.* *Ibid. Stanza 1.*

* Cf. POPE. *Odyssey.* Book v. 402.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
 Land of the mountain and the flood.

Canto vi. Stanza 2.

MARMION.

Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the
 lofty line.

Introduction to Canto i.

When, musing on companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone.

Introduction to Canto ii.

'T is an old tale and often told;
 But did my fate and wish agree,
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,
 Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
 That loved, or was avenged, like me.

Canto ii. Stanza 27

In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.

Canto iii. Stanza 10.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

Canto v Stanza 9.

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

Canto v. Stanza 12

And dar'st thou then

To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglass in his hall? *Canto vi. Stanza 14.*

But woe awaits a country when

She sees the tears of bearded men.

Canto v. Stanza 16

O, what a tangled web we weave,

When first we practise to deceive.

Canto vi. Stanza 17.

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

And variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made;

When pain and anguish wring the brow,

A ministering angel thou! *Canto vi. Stanza 30.*

“Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!”

Were the last words of Marmion.

Canto vi. Stanza 32.

O for a blast of that dread horn*

On Fontarabian echoes borne. *Canto vi. Stanza 33.*

To all, to each, a fair good night,

And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.

Canto vi. Last Lines.

* O for the voice of that wild horn.

Rob Roy. Vol. i. ch. 2

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

Canto i. Stanza 17

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face. *Canto i. Stanza 18.*

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew. *Ibid.*

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage.
Canto i. Stanza 21.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
Canto i. Stanza 31.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances.
Canto ii. Stanza 19.

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven.
Canto ii. Stanza 22

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and for ever. *Canto iii. Stanza 16*

Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
Canto iv. Stanza 1.

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.

Canto iv. Stanza 1.

Art thou a friend to Roderick? *Canto iv. Stanza 30.*

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I. *Canto v. Stanza 10.*

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel. *Ibid.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign
Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king!

Canto v. Stanza 30.

Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men. *Canto vi. Stanza 18.*

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded. *Pibroch of Donald Dhue*

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

O many a shaft, at random sent,
 Finds mark, the archer little meant !
 And many a word, at random spoken,
 May soothe, or wound, a heart that 's broken !

Canto v. Stanza 18.

Where lives the man that has not tried
 How mirth can into folly glide,
 And folly into sin.

The Bridal of Triermain. Canto i. Stanza 21.

Sea of up-turned faces. *Rob Roy. Chapter 20.*

There 's a gude time coming. *Ibid. Chapter 32.*

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is
 MacGregor. *Ibid. Chapter 34.*

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !

To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life,
 Is worth an age without a name.

Old Mortality. Vol. ii. Chapter xxi

Within that awful volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries !

The Monastery. Vol. i. Chapter xii.

And better had they ne'er been born,
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn. *Ibid.*

THOMAS MOORE. 1780-1852.

LALLA ROOKH.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!

The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream.
Ibid.

Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon. *Ibid.*

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate. *Paradise and the Peri.*

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.
Ibid.

O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.
The Fire-Worshippers.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die. *Ibid.*

Beholding heaven and feeling hell. *Ibid.*

The sunshine, broken in the rill
Though turned astray, is sunshine still. *Ibid*

Farewell, farewell to thee Araby's daughter.

The Fire-Worshippers.

Alas! how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity.

The Light of the Haram.

Love on through all ills, and love on till they
 die. *Ibid.*

And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this. *Ibid.*

IRISH MELODIES.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
 As if that soul were fled. *The Harp that Once.*

Fly not yet, 't is just the hour
 When pleasure like the midnight flower,
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon. *Fly not Yet.*

Go where glory waits thee.

Go where Glory.

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

O think not my Spirits.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

Come o'er the Sea.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

Rich and Rare.

There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet.

The Meeting of the Waters.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my
side

In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?

Come send round the Wine.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close!

As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

Believe me, if all those endearing.

The moon looks

On many brooks,

The brook can see no moon but this.*

While gazing on the Moon's Light.

* This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's Works: 'The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.'

There 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream. *Love's Young Dream.*

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee.* *I saw thy Form*

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone. *Last Rose of Summer.*

When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone? *Ibid.*

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you
will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
 Farewell! But whenever you welcome the Hour.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.
 I'd Mourn the Hopes.

* In imitation of Shenstone, "Heu! quanto minus est cum
reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

And when once the young heart of a maiden is
stolen.

The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

Ill Omens.

The light that lies

In woman's eyes.

The Time I've Lost, &c

My only books

Were woman's looks

And folly's all they've taught me.

Ibid.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,

I but know that I love thee. whatever thou art.

Come, rest in this Bosom.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious,
and free,

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the
sea.

Remember Thee.

NATIONAL AIRS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!

How many a tale their music tells.

Those Evening Bells.

All that's bright must fade, —

The brightest still the fleetest;

All that's sweet was made

But to be lost when sweetest.

All that's Bright must Fade

As half in shade and half in sun

This world along its path advances,

May that side the sun's upon
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.
Peace be Around Thee.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
 To weep, yet scarce know why ;
 To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
 Then throw it idly by. *The Blue Stocking.*

Oft in the stilly night
 E'er slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
Oft in the Stilly Night.

The eyes that shone
 Now dimmed and gone. *Ibid.*

I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands 'dead,
 And all but he departed. *Ibid.*

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
 Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
 And I said "if there's peace to be found in the
 world,
 "A heart that was humble might hope for it
 here."
Ballad Stanzas.

I give thee all — I can no more
 Tho' poor the offering be ;
 My heart and lute are all the store
 That I can bring to thee.* *My Heart and Lute.*

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
 There 's nothing true but Heaven.
The World is all a Fleeting Show.

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
Come, ye Disconsolate.

A Persian's Heaven is easily made,
 'T is but black eyes and lemonade.
Intercepted Letters. Letter vi.

Who ran
 Through each mood of the lyre, and was master
 of all. *On the Death of Sheridan.*

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
 Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.
Ibid.

Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow,
 I'll taste the luxury of woe. *Anacreontic.*

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the
 pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the
 more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.
Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.

* From Kemble's *Lodoiska*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

REGINALD HEBER. 1783-1826.

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung ; *
 Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprung.
 Majestic silence ! *Palestine*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.
Christmas Hymn

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows.

First Sunday after Epiphany. No. ii.

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
 laughing soil. *Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
 He lurks in every flower. *At a Funeral.*

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not de-
 plore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb. *Ibid. No. ii.*

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
 But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,

* Altered in later editions to

No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,
 Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,

No sound of hammer or of saw was there.

COWPER. *The Task. Book v. The Winter Morning Walk.*

Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene

As false and fleeting as 't is fair.

On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.

From Greenland's icy mountains,

From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains

Roll down their golden sand. *Missionary Hymn.*



JONATHAN M. SEWALL. 1748-1808.

No pent up Utica contracts your powers,

But the whole boundless continent is yours.

*Epilogue to Cato.**



JOSEPH STORY. 1779-1845.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,

Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain ;

Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,

Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

Motto of the Salem Register.†



SAMUEL WOODWORTH. 1785-1842.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

* Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, N. H.

† *Life of Story.* Vol. i. p. 127.

LORD BYRON. 1788-1824.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might
 despair. *Canto i. Stanza 9.*

My native land — good night! *Canto i. Stanza 13.*

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.
Canto i. Stanza 15.

In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.
Canto i. Stanza 20.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
 For one who hath no friend, no brother there.
Canto i. Stanza 40.

War, war is still the cry, "war even to the knife!"*
Canto i. Stanza 86.

A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
Canto ii. Stanza 2.

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade
 of power. *Canto ii. Stanza 2.*

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.†
Canto ii. Stanza 6.

* "War even to the knife," was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragoza, when summoned to surrender by the French when they besieged that city in 1808.

† And keeps the palace of the soul. — WALLER. *On Tea.*

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be
a boy? *Canto ii. Stanza 23.*

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Canto ii. Stanza 73.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the
blow? *Canto ii. Stanza 76.*

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground.
Canto ii. Stanza 88.

Age shakes Athena's towers, but spares gray
Marathon. *Ibid.*

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.
Canto iii. Stanza 1.

Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
brim. *Canto iii. Stanza 8.*

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

Canto iii. Stanza 21.

On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined.

Canto iii. Stanza 22.

And there was mounting in hot haste.

Canto iii. Stanza 25.

Or whispering, with white lips — “The foe ! They
come ! They come !”

Ibid.

Battle’s magnificently-stern array !

Canto iii. Stanza 28.

The castled crag of Drachenfels

Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine.

Canto iii. Stanza 55.

He had kept

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o’er him
wept.

Canto iii. Stanza 57.

The sky is changed ! and such a change ! O night,
And storm, and darkness ! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder.

Canto iii. Stanza 92.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

Canto iii. Stanza 107.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.

Canto iii. Stanza 113.

I stood among them, but not of them.

Canto iii. Stanza 113.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand.

Canto iv. Stanza 1.

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

Ibid.

The cold — the changed — perchance the dead
anew,

The mourned, the loved, the lost — too many!
yet how few !

Canto iv. Stanza 24.

Fills the air around with beauty.

Ibid.

The starry Galileo with his woes.

Canto iv. Stanza 54.

The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss.

Canto iv. Stanza 69.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands.

Canto iv. Stanza 79.

Man !

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

Canto iv. Stanza 109.

The nympholepsy of some fond despair.

Canto iv. Stanza 115.

There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

Canto iv. Stanza 141.

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
 And when Rome falls, the world.*

Canto iv. Stanza 145.

O! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her!

Canto iv. Stanza 177.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more.

Canto iv. Stanza 178.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
 Stops with the shore.

Canto iv. Stanza 179.

Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and un-
 known. *Ibid.*

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow — †
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Canto iv. Stanza 182.

* The exclamation of the pilgrims in the eighth century,
 as recorded by the Venerable Bede.

† And thou vast ocean, on whose awful face
 Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY. *The Omnipresence of the Deity.*

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles onward.

Canto iv. Stanza 184.

And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.*

Ibid

And what is writ, is writ.

Would it were worthier! *Canto iv. Stanza 185.*

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
A sound which makes us linger; — yet — fare-
well. *Canto iv. Stanza 186.*

THE GIAOUR.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

Line 68.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.

Line 90.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

Line 106.

* Cf. POLLOK. Page 344.

For freedom's battle, once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won. *Line 123.*

And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own ;
 And every woe a tear can claim,
 Except an erring sister's shame. *Line 418.*

Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock. *Line 969.*

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
 Their love can scarce deserve the name. *Line 1099.*

I die — but first I have possessed,
 And come what may, I *have been* blest. *Line 1114.*

She was a form of life and light,
 That, seen, became a part of sight,
 And rose where'er I turned mine eye,
 The morning star of memory.
 Yes, love indeed is light from heaven ;
 A spark of that immortal fire,
 With angels shared, by Allah given,
 To lift from earth our low desire. *Line 1127*

It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard ;
 It is the hour when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whispered word.
Parisina. Stanza 1.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their
clime ;

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the
turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime? *
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they
twine,

And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?

Canto i. Stanza 1.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh ! that eye was in itself a soul.

Canto i. Stanza 6.

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.

Canto ii. Stanza 2.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life !

Canto ii. Stanza 20.

The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray ! *Ibid.*

He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace. † *Ibid.*

* Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose ?

GOETHE. *Wilhelm Meister.*

† Solitudinem faciunt, — pacem appellant.

TACITUS. *Agricola*, cap. 30.

THE CORSAIR.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
 Survey our empire, and behold our home.

Canto i. Stanza 1.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
 And seems to dare the elements to strife.

Canto i. Stanza 3.

The power of Thought, — the magic of the Mind.

Canto i. Stanza 8.

The many still must labor for the one! *Ibid.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer.

Canto i. Stanza 9.

Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed Fare-
 well! *Ibid.*

Farewell!

For in that word, — that fatal word. — how'er
 We promise — hope — believe, — there breathes
 despair. *Canto i. Stanza 15.*

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
 For truth denies all eloquence to woe.

Canto iii. Stanza 22.

He left a corsair's name to other times,
 Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

Canto iii. Stanza 24.

BEPPO.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

Stanza 27.

Sophrano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

Stanza 32.

His heart was one of those which most enamor us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.*

Stanza 34.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

Stanza 45.

O, Mirth and Innocence! O, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!

Stanza 80.

MAZEPPA.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

* For her my heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases,
but enduring as marble to retain whatever impression she
shall make upon it. — CERVANTES. *La Gitanilla.*

THE DREAM.

And both were young, and one was beautiful.

Stanza ii.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

Ibid.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,*
Which terminated all.

Ibid.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

Stanza iii.

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

Stanza iv.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;
A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.

Line 51.

As soon
Seek roses in December, — ice in June ;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff.

* She floats upon the river of his thoughts. — LONGFELLOW.
The Spanish Student. Act ii. Sc. 3.

Si che chiaro

Per essa scenda della mente il fiume. — DANTE.

Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics. *Line 75.*

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms.
Line 326.

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!
Line 399.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Line 826.

When all of Genius which can perish dies.
Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 22.

Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame. *Line 68.*

Who track the steps of Glory to the grave.
Line 74.

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.*
Last Lines.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest.
The Island. Canto ii. Stanza 19.

* Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa. — ARIOSTO.

Orlando Furioso. Canto x. Stanza 80.

“The idea, that Nature lost the perfect mould has been a favorite one with all song writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations.”

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
 When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and
 ripe ;

Like other charmers, wooing the caress
 More dazzlingly when daring in full dress ;
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
 Thy naked beauties — give me a cigar !

The Island. Canto ii. Stanza 19.

Oh, God ! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood. *Prisoner of Chillon viii.*

I had a dream which was not all a dream.

Darkness.

Lord of himself, — that heritage of woe !

Lara. Canto i. Stanza 2.

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

Hebrew Melodies.

Fare thee well ! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare thee well.

Fare Thee Well.

Hands promiscuously applied,
 Round the slight waist, or down the glowing
 side. *The Waltz.*

They never fail who die

In a great cause. *Marino Faliero. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Born in a garret, in the kitchen bred. *A Sketch.*

DON JUAN.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,

Save thine "incomparable oil" Macassar!

Canto i. Stanza 17.

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual!

Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you

all?

Canto i. Stanza 22.

Christians have burned each other, quite per-
suaded

That all the Apostles would have done as they

did.

Canto i. Stanza 83.

Whispering "I will ne'er consent," consented.

Canto i. Stanza 117.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near

home;

'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming and look brighter when we come.

Canto i. Stanza 123.

And truant husband should return, and say,

"My dear, I was the first who came away."

Canto i. Stanza 141.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence. *Canto i. Stanza 194.*

What is the end of Fame? 't is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper.
Canto i. Stanza 218.

At leaving the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.
Canto ii. Stanza 14.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.
Canto ii. Stanza 53.

All who joy would win
Must share it, — Happiness was born a twin.
Canto ii. Stanza 172.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.
Canto ii. Stanza 199.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.*
Canto iii. Stanza 3.

He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.
Canto iii. Stanza 41.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.
Canto iii. Stanza 86. v. 1.

* Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant,
et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour.

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

Canto iii. Stanza 86. v. 1.

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

Canto iii. Stanza 86. v. 3.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Canto iii. Stanza 86. v. 10.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.

Canto iii. Stanza 86. v. 16.

The precious porcelain of human clay.*

Canto iv. Stanza 2.

“Whom the gods love die young,” was said of
yore.†

Canto iv. Stanza 12

* Cf. DRYDEN. *Don Sebastian*. Act i. Sc. 1.

† Quem Di diligunt

Adolescens moritur.

PLAUTUS. *Bucch*. Act iv. Sc. 6. Line 18.

*Ὁν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῖσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος. — MENANDER.

These two hated with a hate
 Found only on the stage. *Canto iv. Stanza 93*

“Arcades ambo,” *id est* — blackguards both.
Canto iv. Ibid.

O “darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”
 As some one somewhere sings about the sky.
Canto iv. Stanza 110.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
 The tocsin of the soul — the dinner bell.
Canto v. Stanza 49.

The women pardoned all except her face.
Canto v. Stanza 113.

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
 Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.
Canto vi. Stanza 7.

Oh for a forty parson power. *Canto x. Stanza 34.*

Society is now one polished horde,
 Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and
Bored. *Canto xiii. Stanza 95.*

'T is strange — but true; for truth is always
 strange,
 Stranger than fiction. *Canto xiv. Stanza 101*

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
 An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
Canto xv. Stanza 13.

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
Memoranda from his Life

LEIGH HUNT. 1784-1859.

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.

Politics and Poetics.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.

The Story of Rimini.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792-1822.

How wonderful is death!

Death and his brother sleep

Queen Mab.

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,

Stains the white radiance of eternity.

Adonais.

Music, when soft voices die

Vibrates in the memory;

Odors, when sweet violets sicken,

Live within the sense they quicken.

To —.

The desire of the moth for the star,

Of the night for the morrow,

The devotion to something afar

From the sphere of our sorrow!

Poems written in 1821.

Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong;

They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Julian and Maddalo.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795-1820

When Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white,
 With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
 By angel hands to valor given ;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

The American Flag.



FELICIA HEMANS. 1794-1835.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
 And stars to set ; — but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

The Hour of Death.

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod,
 They have left unstained what there they found —
 Freedom to worship God.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.



JOHN KEATS. 1796-1821.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever ;
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness. *Endymion. Line 1.*

Music's golden tongue
 Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.
The Eve of St. Agnes. Stanza 3.

And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon.
Ibid. Stanza 30.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
Ibid.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
Hyperion.

That large utterance of the early gods. *Ibid.*

Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings. *Sonnet to Haydon*

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien. *Sonnet xi*



CHARLES WOLFE. 1791–1823.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.
The Burial of Sir John Moore.

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory! *Ibid.*

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him. *Ibid.*



ROBERT POLLOK. 1798–1827.

He laid his hand upon “the Ocean’s mane”
And played familiar with his hoary locks.*
The Course of Time. Book iv. Line 389

* And I have loved thee, Ocean!

.

And laid my hand upon thy mane.

BYRON. *Childe Harold*, Canto iv. St. 184

He was a man
 Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
 To serve the Devil in. *Book viii. Line 616.*

With one hand he put
 A penny in the urn of poverty,
 And with the other took a shilling out.
Ibid. Line 632



J. HOWARD PAYNE. 1792-1852.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there 's no place like home.*
Home, Sweet Home.†



RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
 Beats strong amid the hills.
Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube. St. 2.

Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
 Like instincts, unawares. *The Men of Old.*

A man's best things are nearest him,
 Lie close about his feet. *Ibid.*

* "Home is home though it be never so homely," was a proverb; it is found in the collections of the seventeenth century

† From the Opera of Clari — the Maid of Milan.

THOMAS HOOD. 1798-1845.

We watched her breathing through the night
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro. *The Death-Bed.*

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied ;
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died. *Ibid*

One more Unfortunate
 Weary of breath
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death.
The Bridge of Sighs

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care ;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair ! *Ibid*

Alas ! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun. *Ibid.*

Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged. *Ibid.*

Boughs are daily rifled
 By the gusty thieves,

And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves. *The Seasons.*

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die? *Ballad.*

It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.*
Song of the Shirt.

My tears must stop, for every drop,
Hinders needle and thread. *Ibid.*

And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.
Ode to Melancholy.

There 's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy. *Ibid.*

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky ;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
I Remember, I Remember.

* It 's no fish ye 're buying, it 's men's lives.
SCOTT. *The Antiquary*, Chap. xi.

Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap

In imperceptible water. *Miss Kilmansegg*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

Bright and yellow, hard and cold. *Her Moral.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

Ibid.

How widely its agencies vary —

To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —

As even its minted coins express,

Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,

And now of a Bloody Mary. *Ibid.*

Oh! would I were dead now,

Or up in my bed now,

To cover my head now

And have a good cry!

A Table of Errata.



BRYAN W. PROCTER.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!

The blue, the fresh, the ever free! *The Sea.*

I never was on the dull, tame shore,

But I loved the great sea more and more.

Ibid.

SAMUEL ROGERS. 1763-1855.

A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

Human Life.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly —
pour

A thousand melodies unheard before ! *Ibid.*

Then, never less alone than when alone.* *Ibid.*

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves, — not dead, but gone be-
fore, —

He gathers round him. *Ibid.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;

A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear ;

A willow brook, that turns a mill,

With many a fall, shall linger near. *A Wish.*

That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course. *To a Tear.*

* Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus,
nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset.

CICERO. *De Officiis*, Lib. iii. cap. 1.

She was good as she was fair.
 None — none on earth above her !
 As pure in thought as angels are,
 To know her was to love her.* *Jacqueline. St. 1.*

The good are better made by ill,
 As odors crushed are sweeter still. *Ibid. St. 3.*

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
 The pen is mightier than the sword.
Richelieu. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Take away the sword,
 States can be saved without it. *Ibid.*

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
 For a bright manhood, there is no such word
 As — *fail.* *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

WILLIAM MASON. 1725–1797.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty. *Heroic Epistle.*

* To see her is to love her,
 And love but her forever.

BURNS. *Bonnie Lesley.*

I will, if you please, take you to the house, and introduce
 you to its worthy master, whom to know is to love.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY. *Salmonia. Eighth Day.*

None knew thee but to love thee.

HALLECK. *On the Death of Drake.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
its chords with might ;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling passed in
music out of sight. *Locksley Hall.*

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than
his horse. *Ibid.*

This is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things. *Ibid.*

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. *Ibid.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart. *Ibid.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honor feels. *Ibid.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the
process of the suns. *Ibid.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my
 dusky race. *Locksley Hall.*

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of
 time. *Ibid.*

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
 grooves of change. *Ibid.*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
Ibid.

And topples round the dreary west
 A looming bastion fringed with fire.
In Memoriam. xv.

'T is better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all. *Ibid. xxvii.*

O Love, O fire ! once he drew
 With one long kiss my whole soul through
 My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.
Fatima. St. 3.

Jewels five-words long,
 That on the stretched forefinger of all time,
 Sparkle forever. *The Princess. Canto ii.*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.
Ibid. Canto iv.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

The Princess. Canto iv.

Sweet is every sound,
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Ibid. Canto vii.

* Happy he
 With such a mother! faith in womankind
 Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
 Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
 He shall not blind his soul with clay. *Ibid.*

From yon blue heaven above us bent,
 The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'T is only noble to be good.*
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood. *Ibid.*

For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

* Cf. *Winefreda*, page 254.

HENRY TAYLOR.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Philip Van Artevelde. Part i. Act i. Sc. 5

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.

Eternity mourns that. *Ibid. Act i. Sc. 5.*

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand :
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world
And homebound fancy runs her bark ashore.

Ibid.

Such souls
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. *Act i. Sc. 7.*



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not
breaths ;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Festus.

THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1804-1859.

The tomb of him who would have made
The world too glad and free.

The Devil's Progress

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,

One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute!

Ibid.

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore!

Ibid.

A Hebrew knelt, in the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old.

Ibid.

JAMES ALDRICH. 1810-1856.

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose!

A Death-Bed.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.

Ibid.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language. *Thanatopsis.*

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings. *Ibid.*

Sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. *Ibid.*

The stormy March has come at last,
 With wind and clouds and changing skies ;
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley flies. *March.*

The groves were God's first temples. *Forest Hymn.*

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
 Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
 Her blush of maiden shame. *Autumn Woods*

The melancholy days are come,
 The saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
 And meadows brown and sear. *The Death of the Flowers.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

The Battle-Field.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome.

The Problem.

He builded better than he knew.

Ibid.

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
 As the best gem upon her zone.

Ibid.

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

Hymn. At the Completion of the Concord Monument.



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Strike — for your altars and your fires ;
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires ;
 God, and your native land !

Marco Bozzaris

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,

For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine ;
 And thou art terrible — the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine. *Marco Bozzaris*

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be. *Ibid.*

One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die. *Ibid.*

Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days ;
 None knew thee but to love thee,*
 Nor named thee but to praise.
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

* Cf. ROGERS. *Jacqueline.*

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
 Shrines to no code or creed confined, —
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
 The Meccas of the mind. *Burns.*

They love their land, because it is their own,
 And scorn to give aught other reason why ;
 Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
 And think it kindness to his majesty.
Connecticut.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
 Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age.
Curiosity.

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
 An incarnation of fat dividends. *Ibid.*

Behold ! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
 We lift our heads, a race of other days.
Centennial Ode. St. 22.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
 In learned doctors' spite ;
 Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
 And lap me in delight. *To my Cigar.*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

A Psalm of Life.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting.* *Ibid.*

Let the dead Past bury its dead! *Ibid.*

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time. *Ibid.*

Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait. *Ibid.*

Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.
The Light of Stars.

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
 There are no birds in last year's nest!
It is not always May

Standing, with reluctant feet,
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet! *Maidenhood*

* Life is short, and art is long.

HIPPOCRATES. (*Aphorism i.*)

O suffering, sad humanity !
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie
 Steeped to the lips in misery,
 Longing, and yet afraid to die,
 Patient, though sorely tried !

The Goblet of Life.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
 There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair.

Resignation.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead.

Ibid.

Time has laid his hand
 Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
 But as a harper lays his open palm
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

The Golden Legend.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
 The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.

A Metrical Essay.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky.

Ibid.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the God of storms,
 The lightning and the gale.

A Metrical Essay.

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,
 He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!

Urania.

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
 Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful
urs.

Ibid.

You think they are crusaders, sent
 From some infernal clime,
 To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
 And dock the tail of Rhyme,
 To crack the voice of Melody,
 And break the legs of Time.

The Music-Grinders.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays.

The Vision of Sir Launfal.

This child is not mine as the first was,
 I cannot sing it to rest,

I cannot lift it up fatherly
 And bless it upon my breast ; *The Changeling.*

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
 And sits in my little one's chair,
 And the light of the heaven she's gone to
 Transfigures its golden hair. *Ibid.*

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart.
Sonnet xxv.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected. *Irenè.*

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on
 the throne. *The Present Crisis.*

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made
 us men. *The Capture.*



F. S. KEY. 1779-1843.

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved
 us a nation !

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, " In God is our trust ; "

And the star-spangled banner, O long may it
 wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave ! *The Star-spangled Banner.*

ALBERT G. GREENE.

Old Grimes is dead ; that good old man,
 We ne'er shall see him more :
 He used to wear a long black coat,
 All buttoned down before. *Old Grimes*



JOHN LOUIS UHLAND.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee ;
 Take, — I give it willingly ;
 For, invisible to thee,
 Spirits twain have crossed with me.
The Passage.



CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

Thought is deeper than all speech ;
 Feeling deeper than all thought ;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.
Stanzas.



CYRIL TOURNEUR.

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em
 To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
The Revenger's Tragedy. Act iii. Sc. 1.

EATON STANNARD BARRETT. — — 1820.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung,
 Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue ;
 She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
 Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

Woman.

MISS FANNY STEERS.

The last link is broken
 That bound me to thee,
 And the words thou hast spoken
 Have rendered me free.

Song

From "The Universal Songster," Vol. 2, p. 86.

By Miss Wrother.

Hope tells a flattering tale,
 Delusive, vain, and hollow,
 Ah let not Hope prevail,
 Lest disappointment follow.

*From the same, Vol. 1, p. 320.**

Hope told a flattering tale,
 That Joy would soon return ;
 Ah, nought my sighs avail,
 For love is doomed to mourn.

* Air by Giovanni Paisiello, (1741-1816).

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380-1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.*

Imitation of Christ. Book i. Ch. 19.

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he
out of mind. *Ibid. Book i. Ch. 23.*

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.

Ibid. Book iii. Ch. 12.



FRANCIS RABELAIS. 1483-1553.

To return to our muttons.† *Book i. Ch. 1. Note 2.*

To drink no more than a sponge. *Book i. Ch. 5.*

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston. *Ibid.*

By robbing Peter he paid Paul, . . . and
hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should
fall. *Ibid.*

I'll go his halves. *Book iv. Ch. 23.*

* This expression is of much greater antiquity; it appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey*, page 27, (Lower's Translation,) and in *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, line 13994.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *Proverbs xvi. 9.*

† "Revenons a nos moutons," a proverb taken from the old French Farce of *Pierre Patelin*.

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be ;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he.

Book iv. Ch. 24.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. 1547-1616.

Every one is the son of his own works.

Don Quixote. Part i. Book iv. Ch. 20

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented ; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired ; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.

Ibid. Ch. 23.

Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

Part ii. Ch. 4.

Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep ! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak ; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot.

Part ii. Ch. 67.

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.

The Little Gypsy. (La Gitanilla)

THOMAS HOBBS. 1588-1679.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them ; but they are the money of fools.

The Leviathan. Part i. Ch. 4.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554-1586.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth
children from play, and old men from the chim-
ney-corner. *The Defence of Poesy.*

I never heard the old song of Percy and Doug-
lass, that I found not my heart moved more than
with a trumpet. *Ibid.*

There is no man suddenly either excellently
good, or extremely evil.* *Arcadia. Book i.*

They are never alone that are accompanied
with noble thoughts. *Ibid.*



RICHARD HOOKER. 1553-1600.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged,
than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice
the harmony of the world: all things in heaven
and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling
her care, and the greatest as not exempted from
her power. *Ecclesiastical Polity. Book i.*

* There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees. — BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.
A King and no King. Act v. Sc. 4.

FRANCIS BACON. 1561-1626.

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

Essay viii. Of Marriage and Single Life.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

Essay 1. Of Studies.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. *Ibid.*

Histories make men wise, poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

Ibid.

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

The Elements of the Com. Law of Eng. Preface.

Knowledge is power. — *Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.* *Meditationes Sacræ. De Hæresibus.*

Come home to men's business and bosoms.

Dedication to the Essays. Ed. 1625.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth. *Of Truth.*

When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labor what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded.

Letter of Expostulation to Coke.

The sun though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before.

Advancement of Learning. Book ii. Ch. 2.



SIR EDWARD COKE. 1551-1632.

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium.**

Third Institute. Page 162.

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose.

Semayne's Case, 5 Rep. 91.

They (corporations) cannot commit trespass nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.

Case of Sutton's Hospital, 10 Rep. p. 32.

* Quoted from the Pandects, Lib. ii. tit. iv. *De in Jus vocando.*

IZAAK WALTON. 1593-1683.

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so. *The Complete Angler. Part i. Ch. 1.*

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did:" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. *Ibid. Part i. Ch. 5.*

Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him. *Ibid*



JOHN MILTON. 1608-1674.

Trath is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him.

The Reason of Church Government. Book ii.

By labor and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die.

The Reason of Church Government. Book ii.

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. *Ibid.*

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem. *Apology for Smectymnuus.*

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.

Tract of Education.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. *Ibid*

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages.

Tract of Education.

As good almost kill a Man, as kill a good Book; who kills a Man kills a reasonable creature, God's Image; but he who destroys a good Book kills reason itself.

Areopagitica.

A good Book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

Ibid.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.

Ibid.

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a Region of smooth and idle Dreams, our History now arrives on the Confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at far distance, true colors and shapes.

History of England. Book i. ad fin.

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiare. *Iconoclastes* xxiv. *ad fin.*



JOHN SELDEN. 1584-1654.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

Table Talk. Friends.

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. *Judgments.*

Syllables govern the world.

Power.



THOMAS FULLER. 1608-1661.

But our captain counts the image of God nevertheless his image, cut in ebony as if done in ivory.

Holy State. The Good Sea-Captain.

Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no more room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

Ibid. Of Natural Focls.

They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Ibid. Of Marriage.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body ; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. *Holy State. The Virtuous Lady.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. *Ibid. Of Books.*

Often the cockloft is empty, in those which Nature hath built many stories high.

Andronicus. Ad. fin. 1.



ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. 1653-1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.



ISAAC NEWTON. 1642-1727.

I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

Turner's Collections relative to the Town of Grantham.

RICHARD RUMBOLD.

On the Scaffold. 1685.*

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

FRANCIS DUC DE ROCHEFOUCAULD.

1613-1680.

Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue.

Maxim cexvii.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

1672-1751.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.†

On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2.

* MACAULAY. *History of England.*

† Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Ars Rhet.* xi. 2 (p. 398, R.), says: Παιδεία ἄρα ἐστὶν ἡ ἔντευξις τῶν ἡθῶν· τοῦτο καὶ Θουκυδίδης εἶκε λέγειν, περὶ ἱστορίας λέγων· ὅτι καὶ ἱστορία φιλοσοφία ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειγμάτων, quoting Thuc. I. 22.

ALAIN-RENÉ. LE SAGE. 1688-1747.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little
more taste. *Gil Blas. Book vii. Ch. 4.*



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 1706-1790.

God helps them that help themselves.

Poor Richard.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time,
for that is the stuff life is made of. *Ibid.*

Three removes are as bad as a fire. *Ibid.*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore. *Ibid.*

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle. *Ibid.*

When I see a merchant over-polite to his cus-
tomers, begging them to take a little brandy and
throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that
man has an axe to grind. *Ibid.*

Here Skugg
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.

*From a Letter to Miss Georgiana Shipley, on
the Loss of her American Squirrel.*

SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671-1729.

(Lady Elizabeth Hastings.) Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her was a liberal education.*

The Tatler. No. 49.



SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723-1780.

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength, — the floating bulwark of our island.

Commentaries. Vol. i. p. 418.



SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 1674-1746.

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives, the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, All those men have their price.†

From Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole. Vol. iv. p. 369.

* Leigh Hunt incorrectly ascribes the expression, *to love her was a liberal education*, to Congreve.

† The political axiom, *All men have their price*, is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

SIR JOHN POWELL. — — 1801.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.

Coggs vs. Bernard, 2 *Ld. Raym.* 911.



LAURENCE STERNE. 1713—1768.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

Tristram Shandy. Vol. ii. Ch. xii.

Great wits jump.*

Vol. iii. Ch. ix.

Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my uncle Toby, — but nothing to this.

Vol. iii. Ch. xi.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.

Vol. vi. Ch. viii.

“They order,” said I, “this matter better in France.”

Sentimental Journey. Page 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'T is all barren.

Ibid. In the *Street* *Ca'ais*

* A proverbial phrase.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said
I, still thou art a bitter draught.

Ibid. *The Passport. The Hotel at Paris.*

The iron entered his soul.*

Ibid. *The Captive. Paris.*

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.†

Ibid. *Maria.*

EDMUND BURKE. † 1730-1797.

The swinish multitude. *On the French Revolution.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.

I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. . . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such dis-

* Psalm cv. 18. Book of Common Prayer.

† Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue. — HENRI ESTIENNE. *Prémices*, etc., p. 47, a collection of Proverbs, published in 1594.

To a close shorn sheep God gives wind by measure.

HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

‡ Rev. Robert Hall in his *Apology for the Freedom of the Press*, says of Mr. Burke, "His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art."

asters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. *On the French Revolution.*

The cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone. *Ibid.*

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness. *Ibid.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle. *Ibid.*

You had that action and counteraction, which in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draws out the harmony of the universe.* *Ibid.*

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly

* Mr. Breen, in his *Modern English Literature*, says: 'This remarkable thought, Alison, the historian, has turned to good account; it occurs so often in his disquisitions, that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth.'

told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. *Speech at Bristol on declining the Poll.* 1780.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. *The Present State of the Nation.*

Illustrious predecessor.

Thoughts on the Present Discontents.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle. *Ibid.*

All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, reason is staggered, and from which affrighted nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of youth.

First Letter on a Regicide Peace.

I would rather sleep in the corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of all the Capulets. *Letter to Matthew Smith.*

It has all the contortions of the sybil without the inspiration.* *Prior's Life of Burke.*

* "When Croft's *Life of Dr. Young* was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, 'No, no,' said he, 'it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sybil without the inspiration.' "

All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter.

Speech on Conciliation with America.

RICHARD HURD. 1720–1808.

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which reason stands aghast, and faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested.

Sermons. Vol. ii. p. 287

PATRICK HENRY. 1736–1799.

Cæsar had his Brutus — Charles the First, his Cromwell — and George the Third — (“Treason!” cried the speaker) — *may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.

Speech, 1765.

Give me Liberty, or give me death!

Speech, March, 1775.

THOMAS PAINE. 1737–1809.

And the final event to himself (Mr. Burke) has been that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.

Letter to the Addressers

These are the times that try men's souls.

The Crisis. No 1.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.*

Age of Reason. Part ii. ad fin. (note.)



JOSEPH FOUCHÉ.

1763-1820.

It is more than a crime, it is a political fault; † words which I record because they have been repeated and attributed to others.

Memoirs of Fouché.



SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

1765-1832.

The commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity.

Vindiciæ Gallicæ.

* Probably the original of Napoleon's celebrated mot, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."

† Commonly quoted, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," and attributed to Talleyrand.

HENRY LEE.

1756-1818.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.*

From the Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, on the Death of General Washington, December, 1799. Marshall's Life of Washington.



CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

1746-1825.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute. *When Ambassador to the French Republic, 1796.*



MADAME ROLAND.

1754-1793.

O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name.

* To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. *Eulogy delivered by Gen. Lee, Dec. 26, 1799. Memoirs of Lee.*

ROBERT EMMET. 1780-1803.

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb ; let no man write my epitaph : no man can write my epitaph.

Speech on his Trial and Conviction for High Treason, September, 1803.



DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782-1852.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.*

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826.

Independence now and Independence forever.†

Ibid.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States dis-

* Mr. Adams, describing a conversation with Jonathan Sewall, in 1774, says, "I answered, that the die was now cast; I had passed the Rubicon. Swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country, was my unalterable determination." *Adams' Works*, vol. iv.

† Mr. Webster says of Mr. Adams, "on the day of his death, hearing the noise of bells and cannon he asked the occasion. On being reminded that it was 'Independent Day,' he replied, 'Independence forever.'" *Webster's Works*, vol. i. p. 150.

severed, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. *Second Speech on Foot's Resolution.*

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable. *Ibid.*

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise ! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming ; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit.

Address on Laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 18°

He smote the rock of the national resour- and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.*

Speech on Hamilton, March, 1831.

* He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, color, and complexion ; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty.

BARRY YELVERTON, (*Lord Avonmore*) on *Blackstone*.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they (the Colonies) raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning-drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.*

Speech, May 7, 1834.

Sea of up-turned faces.† *Speech, September 30, 1842.*

* Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king. — *Capt. John Smith. "Advertisements for the Unexperienced," &c. Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc. 3d Ser. Vol. iii. p. 49.*

I am called

The richest monarch in the Christian world;

The sun in my dominions never sets.

Ich heisse

Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt;

Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.

SCHILLER. *Don Karlos*, Act i. Sc. 6.

The stake I play for is immense — I will continue in my own dynasty the family system of the Bourbons, and unite Spain forever to the destinies of France. Remember that the sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V. (Napoleon, February, 1807).

WALTER SCOTT. *Life of Napoleon*.

† This phrase, commonly supposed to have originated with Mr. Webster, is from *Rob Roy*, vol. i. ch. 20.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The school-master is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer against the soldier in full military array.

Speech, January 29, 1828.

WILLIAM L. MARCY. 1786-1857.

They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.

Speech in the United States Senate, January, 1832.

RUFUS CHOATE. 1799-1859.

There was a State without King or nobles ; there was a church without a Bishop ; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.

Speech before the New England Society, New York, December 22, 1843.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY. 1800-1859.

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast

solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.*

Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.

* The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824, in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's Greece, "When travellers from some distant region shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief, shall hear savage hymns, chanted over some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proud temple."

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations. Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name. *Volney's Ruins, Ch. 2.*

At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra.

HORACE WALPOLE. *Letter to Mason, Nov. 24, 1774.*

Where now is Britain?

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. *Time.*

In the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians.—SHELLEY. *Dedication to Peter Bell.*

The Puritans hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.*

History of England. Vol. i. Ch. 2.



WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783-1859.

Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea.

The Stout Gentleman.

The Almighty Dollar.

The Creole Village.



MARTYN PARKER.

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

* Even bearbaiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence.

HUME. *History of England. Vol. i. Ch. 62*

MISCELLANEOUS.

“ *A Cadmean victory.*” *Greek Proverb.*

Συμμισγόντων δὲ τῇ ναυμαχίῃ, Καδμείῃ τις νίκη
τοῖσι Φωκαιεῦσι ἐγένετο. *Ferod. i. 166.*

A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies, so called from the victory of the Thebans (then called Cadmeans) over the celebrated Seven, which was avenged shortly afterwards by the descendants of the vanquished, the Epigoni.

“ *Fools that do not know how much more the
half is than the whole.*”

Νήπιοι οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὄσω πλέον ἡμισυ παντός.
HESIOD. *Works and Days*, v. 40.

“ *To leave no stone unturned.*”

Πάντα κινήσαι πέτρον. — EURIPIDES, *Heraclid.* 1002.

This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle, given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes's general, Mardonius, on the field of Plataea. The Oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει, *Turn every stone.*
Corp. Paræmiogr. Græc. i. p. 146.

“ *The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church.*”

Plures efficimur, quoties metimur a vobis ; semen est sanguis Christianorum.”

TERTULLIAN. *Apologet.*, c. 50

“ *Every man is the architect of his own fortune.*”

Sed res docuit id verum esse quod in carminibus Appius ait, “ Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ.”

Pseudo-Sallust. Epist. de Rep. Ordin. ii. 1.

This Appius Claudius Cæcus was the earliest Roman writer, whose name has come down to us, and in his censorship, B. C. 312, began the Appian Way from Rome to Capua.

“ *Cæsar’s wife should be above suspicion.*”

Cæsar was asked why he had divorced his wife. “ Because,” said he, “ I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion.”

PLUTARCH. *Vit. Cæs.* c. 10.

“ *Where the shoe pinches.*”

In the life of “ Æmilius Paulus,” Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. “ This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded, — was she not chaste ? was she not fair ? holding out his shoe asked them

whether it was not new? and well made? Yet, added he, none of you can tell where it pinches me.”

“*Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.*” *

Inserit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis : quæ à Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philippum, inquit, sed sobrium.

Val. Maximus. Lib. vi. cap. 2.

“*When at Rome, do as the Romans do.*”

St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday ; but being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing, (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday,) consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this :—

“When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday ; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday.”

“Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato : quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato.”

ST. AUGUSTINE. *Epistle xxxvi. to Casulanus.*

When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Part iii. Sec. 4, Mem. 2, Subs. 1.*

* Refers to Philip of Macedon.

“*The sinews of war.*”

Æschines (*Adv. Ctesiph.* ch. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression ἐποτέτμηται τὰ ρεῖρα τῶν πραγμάτων, “the sinews of affairs are cut.” Diogenes Laertius, in his *Life of Bion*, (lib. iv. c. 7. § 3), represents that philosopher as saying τὸν πλεῦτον εἶναι ρεῖρα πραγμάτων, “that riches were the sinews of affairs,” or, as the phrase may mean, “of the State.” Referring perhaps to this maxim of Bion. Plutarch says in his *Life of Cleomenes* (c. 27). “He who first called money the sinews of the State, seems to have said this with special reference to *war*.” Accordingly, we find money called expressly τὰ ρεῖρα τοῦ πολέμου. “the sinews of war.” in Libanius, *Orat.* xlvi. (vol. ii. p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the Scholiast on Pindar, *Olymp.* i. 4, comp. Photius, *Lex.* s. v. Μεγάροπος πλούτου. So Cicero, *Philipp.* v. 2, “nervos belli, infinitam pecuniam.”

“*Begging the question.*”

This is a common logical fallacy *petitio principii*: and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's *Topica*, viii. 13, where the five ways of begging the question are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is “*the Arte of Logike plainlie set forth in our English Tongue, &c.* 1584.”

“ Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!” *

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things. MELCHIOR. *Floresta Española de Apothegmas o sentencias, &c.* ii. 1. 20.

“ A Rowland for an Oliver.”

These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne’s twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors of giving one a “Rowland for his Oliver,” to signify the matching one incredible lie with another.

THOMAS WARBURTON.

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster.

BUTLER. *Dyet’s Dry Dinner.* 1599.

“ Hobson’s Choice.”

Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. — When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there

* I love everything that ’s old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.

GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer.* Act i. Sc. 1.

was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say "Hobson's Choice."

Spectator, No. 503.

"All is lost save honor."

It was from the imperial camp near Pavia that Francis the First, before leaving for Pizzighetone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter, which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism: "Madame tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame pour vous faire savoir comme se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve."

MARTIN. *Histoire de France. Tom. viii.*

"As good as a play."

An exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.*

* The King remained in the House while his speech was taken into consideration, a common practice with him; for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy. — MACAULAY, *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

“*Die in the last ditch.*”

To William of Orange may be ascribed this saying. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the commonwealth was ruined, “There is one certain means,” replied the prince, “by which I can be sure never to see my country’s ruin — *I will die in the last ditch.*”

HUME. *History of England.* 1672.

“*No one is a hero to his valet.*”

This phrase is commonly attributed to Madame de Sevigné, but on the authority of Mad. Aisse belongs to Madame Cornuel.

Lettres, édit. J. Ravenal, 1853.

Few men are admired by their servants.

MONTAIGNE. *Essais. Book iii. Ch. 11.*

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helius, (the sun), “my valet-de-chambre,” said he, “is not aware of this.”

PLUTARCH. *De Iside et Osiride, ch. xxiv.*

“*La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas.*”

This phrase attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him.* It was invented by Rougemont, a

* When pressed by a pretty woman to repeat the phrase he really did use, he replied, “Ma foi, Madame, je ne sais pas

prolific author of mots, two days after the battle, in the *Indépendant*.

“ *Defend me from my friends.*”

The French Ana assign to Maréchal Villars taking leave of Louis XIV., this aphorism, “Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.”

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,

Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend.

CANNING. *The New Morality.*

“ *Beginning of the end.*”

M. Fournier* asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'Improvisateur Français*, a compilation of Anecdotes and Bonmots, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes.

Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others, C'est le commencement de la fin.

au juste ce que j'ai dit à l'officier Anglais qui me criait de me rendre: mais ce qui est certain est qu' il comprenait le Français, et qu' il m'a répondu *mange.*”

* L'Esprit dans l' Histoire.

To shew our simple skill

This is the true beginning of our end.

SHAKSPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*
Act v. Sc. 1.

“*Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts.*”

Ils n' employent les paroles que pour déguiser leur pensées.

VOLTAIRE. *Dialogue xiv. Le Chapon et la Poularde.*

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the *Nain Jaune* the phrase, “Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts.”

FOURNIER. *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

Where Nature's end of language is declined
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame. Satire ii. Line 207.*

The germ of this saying is to be found in Jeremy Taylor; Lloyd, South, Butler, Young, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him.

“*Orthodoxy is my doxy. Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.*”

I have heard frequent use (said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws), of the words Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy; but I confess

myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean. "Orthodoxy, my Lord," (said Bishop Warburton in a whisper,) "Orthodoxy is my doxy, — Heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

PRIESTLEY'S *Memoirs*. Vol. i. p. 372

"*I hear a lion in the lobby roar.*"

But Titus* said with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense,
I hear a lion in the lobby roar.

REV. JAMES BRAMSTON. *Art of Politics*.

"*Indemnity for the past and security for the future,*" † are now evidently construed into Ceylon and Trinidad.

Letter to the Hon. T. Maitland.
Russell's Memoir of Fox. Vol. iii. p. 345.

"*Steal my thunder.*"

D'Israeli says, "the actors refused to perform one of John Dennis's tragedies to empty houses, but they retained some excellent thunder which Dennis had invented; it rolled one night when Dennis was in the pit, and it was applauded. Suddenly starting up, he cried to the audience, 'By —, they won't act my tragedy, but they steal my thunder.'"

Calamities of Authors.

* Col. Titus, in a debate on the Exclusion Bill, January 7, 1680.

† Mr. Pitt's phrase. DE QUINCEY. *Theological Essays*, vol. ii. p. 170.

*From Apophthegms, etc., in Latin, by ERASMUS,
translated by NICHOLAS VDALL. 1542.*

That same man, that runnith awaie,
Maie again fight an other daie.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

BUTLER. *Hudibras. Part iii. Canto 3.*

*From the Art of Poetry on a New Plan. (Edited
by OLIVER GOLDSMITH?) Vol. ii. p. 147. Lon-
don, 1761.*

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

Sed omiſſis quidem divinis exhortationibus, illum magis
Græcum versiculum ſecularis ſententiæ ſibi adhibent. *Qui
fugiebat, rursus præliabitur: ut et rursus forſitan fugiat.*

TERTULLIAN, *De Fugâ in Perſecutione, c. 10.*

The correſponding Greek,

Ἄνθρωπος ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχίσκεται,

is aſcribed to Menander in Dübner's edition of his Fragments
(appended to Ariſtophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*),
p. 91.

Qui fuit, peut revenir auſſi;
Qui meurt, il n'en eſt pas ainſi.

SCARRON (Etat. 1660.)

Souvent celui qui demeure
Eſt cauſe de ſon meſchef;
Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
Peut combattre derechef.

From the *Satyre Menippée, 1594.*

*From the Abridgement of the Chronicles of Eng-
lande, by RICHARD GRAFTON, 1590. "A rule to
knowe how many dayes every moneth in the
yeare hath."*

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.

*From the Return from Parnassus. 4to. London.
1606.*

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February eight-and-twenty all alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one ;
Unless that leap year doth combine,
And give to February twenty-nine.

*From Song No. 7, Ravenscraft's "Deuteromela,"
1609.*

Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose ?

Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.

*From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Sir
Patrick Spens.*

I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.

From Playford's Musical Companion, 1687.
Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me ;
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.

From the New England Primer.

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

My Book and Heart
Must never part.

Verses for Children.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Martyrdom of Mr. John Rogers.

His wife with nine small children and one at
the breast.

Lines used by John Ball, to encourage the Rebels in Wat Tyler's Rebellion. Hume's History of England, Vol. I. Chap. 17, Note 8.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

From a MSS. of the 15th Century in the British Museum. Songs and Carols.

Now bething the, gentilman,
How Adam dalf and Eve span.

The same proverb existed in German. Agricola.
(Prov. No. 264.)

So Adam reutte, und Eva span
Wer was da ein eddelman.

From the Garland, a Collection of Poems, 1721, by Mr. BR—ST, author of a Copy of Verses called "The British Beauties."

Praise undeserved is Satire in disguise.*

— DYER.

[Published in the early part of the reign of George I.]

And he that will this health deny
Down among the dead men let him lie.

* This line is quoted by Pope, in the 1st Epistle of Horace, Book ii. —

"Praise undeserved is *Scandal* in disguise."

Lines Written in the Album of David Krieg.

[Among the collection of Albums in the British Museum.*]

Virtus sua gloria.

Think that day lost whose [low] descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

Your success and happiness
is sincerely wished by

Ja. Bobart,† Oxford.

*From Ovid's Metamorphosis, translated by several
hands and published by Samuel Garth. 2 vols.*

12mo. 1751. Vol. ii. Book 7, Line 20.

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue. †

*From the "Prologue written for the Opening of
the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16,
1796."*

(Barrington's "New South Wales," p. 152.)

True patriots all; for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

* Nichol's Autographs in the British Museum.

† Jacob Bobart was a son of the celebrated botanist of that name; he died about 1726.

‡ Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor.

*Proverbial Expressions from the English Poets,
which are of common origin.*

All that glisters is not gold.*

SHAKSPEARE. *Merchant of Venice*. Act ii. Sc. 7.

But all thing, which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.

CHAUCER. *Yeoman's Tale*. Line 16430.

Yet gold all is not that doth golden seem.

SPENSER. *Faëre Queen*. Book ii. c. 8. St. 14.

All as they say that glitters is not gold.

DRYDEN. *Hind and Panther*.

Castles in the air.

SWIFT. *Duke Grafton's Answer*. BROOME. *Poverty
and Poetry*. CHURCHILL. *Epistle to R. Lloyd*.
SHENSTONE. *On Taste*. Part ii. LLOYD. *Epistle
to Colman*.

Devil take the hindmost.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*. Part i. c. 2. Line 633. PRIOR.
Ode on taking Namur. POPE. *Dunciad*. Book ii.
Line 60. BURNS. *To a Haggis*.

Compare great things with small.

VIRGIL. *Georgics*. Book iv. Line 176. MILTON.
Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 921. COWLEY.
The Motto. TICKELL. *Poem on Hunting*. POPE.
Windsor Forest.

Gray mare will prove the better horse.†

PRIOR. *Epilogue to Lucius*.

* This expression was a favorite among the old English Poets.

† Mr. Macaulay thinks that this proverb originated in the

The gray mare will be the better horse.

The Marriage of true Wit and Science.

BUTLER. *Hudibras. Part ii. c. 2. Line 698.*

Great wits will jump. STERNE. *Tristram Shandy.*

Good witts will jumpe.

DR. COUGHAM. *Camden Soc. Pub. p. 20. DUKE*

OF BUCKINGHAM. *The Chances. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Ill wind turns none to good.

TUSSER. *Moral Reflections on the Wind.*

Not the ill wind which blows none to good.

SHAKSPEARE. *King Henry IV. Part ii. Act v. Sc. 3.*

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

Ibid. King Henry VI. Part iii. Act ii. Sc. 5.

Look a gift horse in the mouth.

BUTLER. *Hudibras. Part i. c. 1. Line 490.*

RABELAIS. *Book i. Ch. 2. Also quoted by ST. JEROME.*

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.

TUSSER. *Five hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Ch. 57.*

Look before you ere you leap.

BUTLER. *Hudibras. Part ii. c. 2. Line 502.*

Moon is made of green cheese. *Jack Jugler. p. 46.*

BUTLER: *Hudibras. Part ii. c. 3. Line 263.*

No love lost between us.

GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer. Act iv.*

GARRICK'S *Correspondence. 1759.*

preference generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England. *History of England, vol. i. ch. 3.*

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.

THOMAS À KEMPIS. *Imitation of Christ. Book ii. ch. 12.*

Of two evils I have chose the least.

PRIOR. *Imitation of Horace.*

Smell a rat.

BEN JONSON. *Tale of a Tub. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

BUTLER. *Hudibras. Part i. c. 1. Line 281.*

Rhyme nor reason.

SPENSER. *On his promised Pension. SHAKSPEARE. As You Like It. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Sir Thomas More advised an author who had sent him his manuscript to read "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme ; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

Speech is silver, silence is gold. *A Dutch Proverb.*

Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure ; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

PLUTARCH. *Vit. Themist. 28.*

Thick and thin.

SPENSER. *Fairy Queen. Book iii. c. i. St. 17.*

COWPER. *John Gilpin. DRYDEN. Absalom and Achitophel. Part ii. Line 414.*

To make a virtue of necessity.

CHAUCER. *Squier's Tale. Part ii. SHAKSPEARE. Two Gentlemen of Verona. RABELAIS. Book i. ch. 2. DRYDEN. Palamon and Arcite.*

In the additions of Hadrianus Junius to the adages of Erasmus, he remarks, (under the head of *Necessitatem edere*,) that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, viz.: *Necessitatem in virtutem commutare.*

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.

DE FOE. *The True-Born Englishman.*
Part i. Line 1.

God never had a church but there, men say
The devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.

DRUMMOND. *Posthumous Poems.*

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the
Devil builds a chapel hard by.

GEORGE HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

Where God hath a temple the Devil will have
a chapel.

BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Part 3. Sc. iv*
M. 1. Subs. 1.

Wrong sow by the ear.

BEN JONSON. *Every Man in his Humor. Act ii.*
Sc. 1. BUTLER. Hudibras. Part ii. c. 3. Line 580.
COLMAN. *Heir at Law. Act i. Sc. 1.*

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ADDENDA.

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

SHAKSPEARE.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.

*Venus and Adonis.*O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear.*A Lover's Complaint, St. xlii.*Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet lii.*The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.*Sonnet lxx.*

That full star that ushers in the even.

*Sonnet cxxxii.*Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together.*The Passionate Pilgrim, viii.*Have you not heard it said full oft
A woman's nay dotli stand for naught.*Ibid. xiv.*

JOHN MILTON.

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog,
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk.

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 592.

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery. *Ibid. Book ii. Line 898.*

Such joy ambition finds. *Ibid. Book iv. Line 92.*

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Arabia the blest. *Ibid. Book iv. Line 162.*

And on the Tree of Life

The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant. *Ibid. Book iv. Line 194.*

All but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Ibid. Book iv. Line 602.

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved.

Ibid. Book iv. Line 987.

My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight.

Ibid. Book v. Line 18.

Now half appeared

The tawny lion, pawing to get free

His hinder parts.

Ibid. Book vii. Line 463.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear

So charming left his voice, that he awhile

Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.

Ibid. Book viii. Line 1.

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.

Ibid. Book viii. Line 43.

And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.

Ibid. Book viii. Line 47.

To know

That which before us lies in daily life,

Is the prime wisdom.

Ibid. Book viii. Line 192.

To the nuptial bower

I led her, blushing like the morn. All heaven,

And happy constellations on that hour

Shed their selectest influence; the earth

Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;

Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs

Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings

Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Ibid. Book viii. Line 510.

As one who long in populous city pent

Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.

Ibid. Book ix. Line 445.

So glozed the tempter.

Ibid. Book ix. Line 549.

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt.

Ibid. Book ix. Line 853.

How gladly would I meet
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! *Ibid.* Book x. Line 775.

Such sober certainty of waking bliss.
Comus. Line 263.

That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds.
Ibid. Line 300.

The unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure. *Ibid.* Line 398.

If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. *Ibid.* Line 597.

It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence. *Ibid.* Line 748.

The gadding vine. *Lycidas.* Line 40.

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse.
Ibid. Line 66.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.
Ibid. Line 68.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.
Ibid. Line 78.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

Treason doth never prosper, — what's the reason?
 Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

Epigrams. Blk. iv. Ep. 5.

EDMUND WALLER.

For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above
 Is, that they sing and that they love.

While I listen to thy voice.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Bread is the staff of life. *Tale of a Tub.*

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Apt alliteration's artful aid. *Prophecy of Famine.*

COLLEY CIBBER.

Now by St. Paul the work goes bravely on.

Richard III. Act iii. Scene 1.

A weak invention of the enemy.*

Ibid. Act v. Scene 3.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. *Poor Jack.*

* Cf. Shakespeare. *Richard III. Act v. Scene 3.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

An ampler ether, a diviner air. *Laodamia.*

But shapes that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid. *Dion v.*

But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
Ode. Intimations of Immortality. St. 2.

Small service is true service while it lasts :
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn
not one;

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.
To a Child. Written in her Album.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard. *The Fountain.*

 LORD BYRON.

Had sighed to many though he loved but one.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. Stanza 5.

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.
Canto i. Stanza 11.

Still from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom
flings.* *Canto i. Stanza 82.*

* Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.
Lucretius. iv. l. 1133.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that
were. *Canto ii. Stanza 2.*

I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
prevail. *Canto iii. Stanza 2.*

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.
Canto iii. Stanza 32.

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar.
Canto iii. Stanza 86.

Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till — 'tis gone — and all is
gray. *Canto iv. Stanza 29.*

Let these describe the undescribable.
Canto iv. Stanza 53.

Heaven gives its favorites — early death.
Canto iv. Stanza 102.

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied
forth. *Canto iv. Stanza 115.*

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert. *Canto iv. Stanza 120.*

With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns. *Manfred. Act iii. Sc. 4.*
There's not a joy the world can give like that it
takes away. *Stanzas for Music.*

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires :
 This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest :
 Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 839.

In my hot youth, when George the Third was King.
Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 212.

JOHN KEATS.

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.
The Eve of St. Agnes. Stanza 27.

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.
Ode on a Grecian Urn.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
In Memoriam. xxxii.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
 Nor cares to fix itself to form. *Ibid. xxxiii.*

Who battled for the true, the just. *Ibid. lv.*

So many worlds, so much to do,
 So little done, such things to be. *Ibid. lxxii.*

One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.
Ibid. Conclusion.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. *The Palace of Art.*

JOHN PIERPONT.

A weapon that comes down as still
 As snow-flakes fall upon the sod ;
 But executes a freeman's will,
 As lightning does the will of God ;
 And from its force, nor doors nor locks
 Can shield you ; — 'tis the ballot-box.

A Word from a Petitioner.



H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
 grind exceeding small ;
 Though with patience He stands waiting, with
 exactness grinds He all.

*Retribution. From the Sinngedichte of Friedrich
 Von Logau.*

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition.
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call death. *Resignation.*

Sail on, O Ship of State !
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
The Building of the Ship.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Gashed with honorable scars,
 Low in Glory's lap they lie;
 Though they fell, they fell like stars,
 Streaming splendor through the sky.
The Battle of Alexandria.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed,
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
Orig. Hymns. What is Prayer?

HENRY HART MILMAN.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.
The Belvidere Apollo.
 Too fair to worship, too divine to love. *Ibid.*

JOHN KEBLE.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
 Since all alone, so heaven has willed, we die,
 Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
 Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.
*The Christian Year. Twenty-fourth Sunday
 after Trinity.*

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
 Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
 How grows in Paradise our store. *Burial of the Dead.*

GEORGE CANNING.

Black's not so black ; — nor white so *very* white.

The New Morality. Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.

I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old.

The King's Message. (Dec. 12, 1826.)

FRANCIS BACON.

“*Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi.*”

These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.* † *Advancement of Learning.*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

Defence of Poesy.

High erected thought seated in a heart of courtesy.

Arcadia. Book I.

* As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end. . . . Yourself, then, in disgracing [disparaging] the present times, disgrace [disparage] Antiquity, properly so called; the times wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation.

GEORGE HAKEWILL. *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World.* London, 1627.

† We are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.

TENNYSON. *The Day Dream.* (*L'Envoi.*)

THOMAS FULLER.

The Pyramids themselves, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

Holy State. Of Tombs.

RICHARD BENTLEY.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.

MONK'S Life of Bentley, p. 90.

EDMUND BURKE.

Having looked to government for bread on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.

Thoughts and Details on Scarcity.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Anything but history, for history must be false.

Walpoliana, No. 141.

The Gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favors.*

FISHER AMES.

I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober, second thought of the people shall be law.

Speech on Biennial Elections.

* See HAZLITT. *Wit and Humour.*

RUFUS CHOATE.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

Letter to the Whig Convention.

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence.

Letter to the Maine Whig Committee.

O. W. HOLMES.

Boston State-House is the hub of the Solar System. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, p. 143.

"I believe it because it is impossible."

Certum est, quia impossibile est.

TERTULLIAN, *De Carne Christi*, c. 5.

Sometimes quoted, *credo quia impossibile est*; and in English, "because it is incredible."

"Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica.

STILES'S *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.*

“*Power behind the Throne.*”

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the Throne greater than the King himself.*

CHATHAM. *Speech March 2d, 1770, on Lord Craven's Motion for an address to his Majesty, etc. Chatham Correspondence.* Vol. iii. p. 422. London, 1839.

* Quoted, “greater than the Throne itself,” by Lord Mahon (*History of England.* Vol. v. p. 258. London, 1853.)

“*Nation of Shopkeepers.*”

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State-House in Philadelphia, August 1st, 1776. *Philadelphia, printed, London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No. 4 Ludgate Hill, MDCCLXXVI.*†*

* “No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Bern; the place of publication is not given.”—WELLS'S *Life of Adams.*

† And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation.—TUCKER, DEAN OF GLOUCESTER. TRACT. 1766.

“*Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.*” COL. BLACKER. 1834. *Oliver's Advice.*

There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words,—“Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry.”

HAYES' *Ballads of Ireland.* Vol. i. p. 191.

“*Greatest happiness of the greatest number.*”

Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria §) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth;—That the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation. BENTHAM'S *Works.* Vol. x. p. 142.

§ The expression is used by Beccaria in the Introduction to his *Essay on Crimes and Punishments.*

INDEX TO ADDENDA.



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 Teneriff or Atlas, 2.
 Thought him still speaking, 3.
 Thought, thou wert a beautiful, 7
 Tire of all creation, 13.
 Too fair to worship, too divine to
 love, 10.
 Treason doth never prosper, 5.
 Trust in God, and keep your pow-
 der dry, 14.
 Truth decorate the verse, 8.

 Unsunned heaps of treasure, 4.

 Venom, bubbling, 6.
 Vine, the gadding, 4.

 Waking bliss, sober certainty of,
 4.
 Weed on Ocean's foam, 7.
 Wisdom, the prime, 3.
 Woman's nay doth stand for
 naught, 1.
 Work goes bravely on, 5.
 Worship of the great of old, 7.





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